

FEBRUARY
No. 65

SICK

MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION FOR '69

JOHN WAYNE

This year I'm hoping to take part in signing a major peace treaty—with the Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Apaches, etc.

CASSIUS CLAY

I'm going back to my original name — Whitey Ford!

ROWAN & MARTIN

This year we're hiring Abe Fortas for "There Went The Judge!"

SOPHIA LOREN

I'll donate all my used bras to the paratroopers — and one to Twiggy to use as a dress.

BARBRA STREISAND

I expect to win the Academy Award this year—by a nose!

TINY TIM

I'd like to join the Marines—for anything they've got in mind!

Twiggy

This year I'll buy a brassiere—if only for show.

MARLON BRANDO

I'm gonna start mumbling again and get back into pictures!

THE MAHAREESHEE

(Beatles' Guru)

I will see a good psychiatrist and straighten myself out!

SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

No more mixed marriages—I will wed a nice Jewish girl of my own faith!



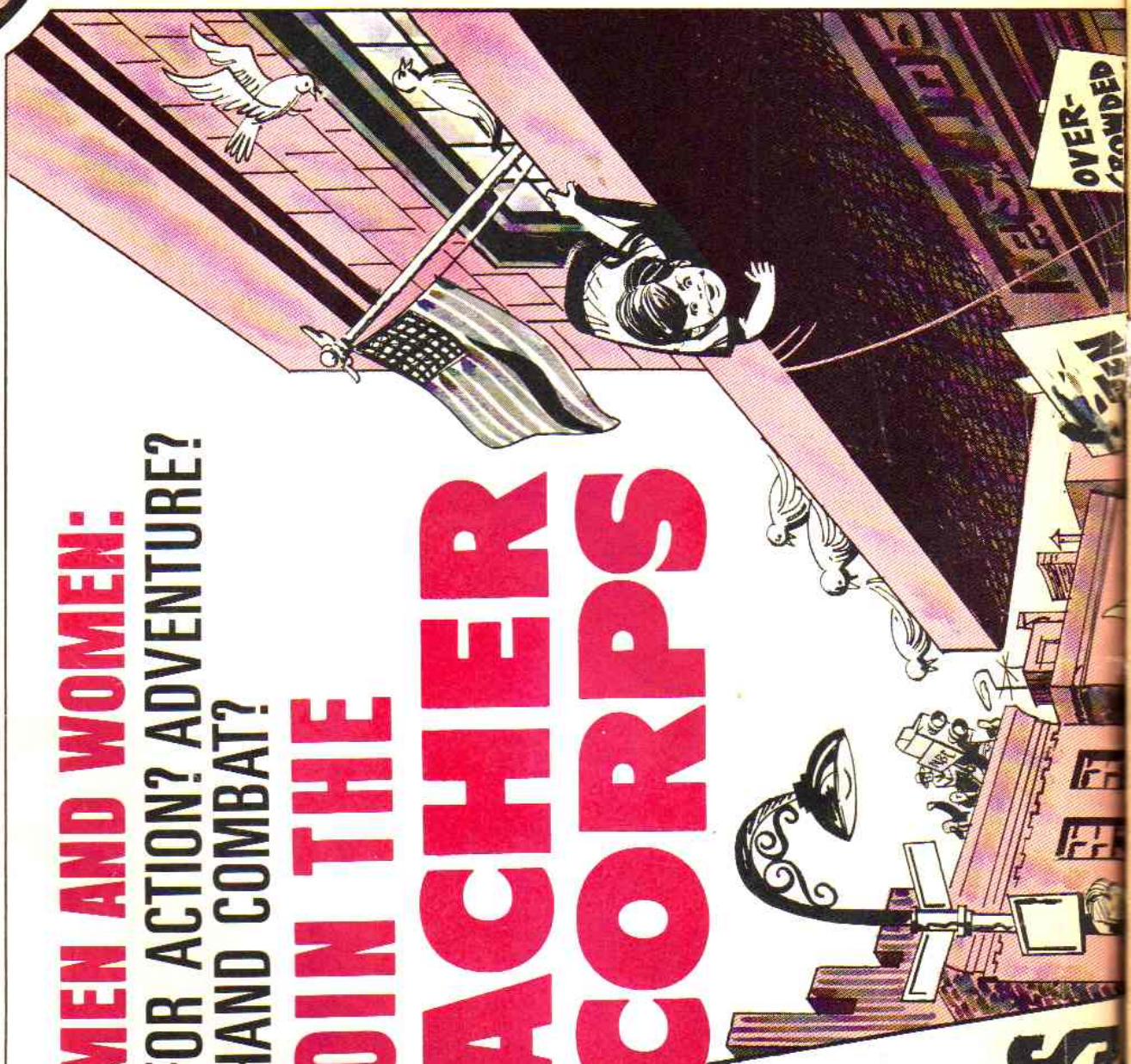


SSABCZ

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN:
LOOKING FOR ACTION? ADVENTURE?
HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT?

JOIN THE TEACHERS CORPS

**JUSTICE
FOR
TEACHERS**



WBC

7

19

69

Volume 9,
Number 1

February,
1969

SICK

No. 65

TURN IT OVER, QUICK!
PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE--

69



LET'S DROP AN APPLE
AND SEE WHICH WAY IT FALLS!

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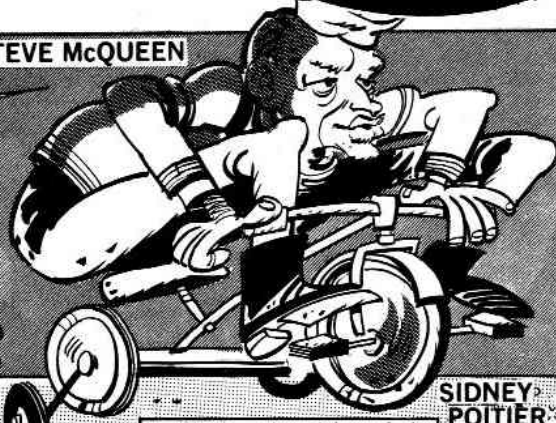
CELEBRITIES' NEW YEAR

ZSA ZSA GABOR

This year I'm going to have a reunion with all my former husbands— We're hiring Yankee Stadium.

I'm thinking of changing my name to Steve McKing— 'cause people are talking!

STEVE McQUEEN



SIDNEY POTIER

I will play the title role in "The Sandy Koufax Story."

DEAN MARTIN

Too much wine, women and song. I resolve to give up singing!

PAT PAULSEN

I will demand a recount!

STOKELY CARMICHAEL

From now on I won't fire until I see the whites of their eyes!

BRIGITTE BARDOT

I will chuck it all and throw in the towel!

This year I say: Rap Brown—right in the mouth!"

This year I'm giving up wearing very low cut shirts—people think I'm advocating black navel power.

GEORGE WALLACE

FIDEL CASTRO

HARRY BELAFONTE

This year I intend to restore Cuba's economy—I'm keeping every second hijacked plane.

RESOLUTIONS

ED
SULLIVAN

This year I plan to hire no animal acts or rock 'n roll singers—I also plan to make my reservation in the poor house.

We're coming out for gun-control.

BONNY & CLYDE



DORIS DAY

This year I'm finally giving up... (CENSORED).

I'm gonna take up a new sport—broad-jumping!

FRANK
SINATRA

I resolve to give up women, drinking, and mainly—telling lies!

RICHARD
BURTON

WERNER
VON BRAUN

PHYLLIS DILLER

This year I'm sending my wife to the moon—with a right cross!

I'm gonna enter the Everett Dirksen Look-Alike Contest!

MIA FARROW

This year I'm going to try to be frank. What am I saying?

I will reveal that all this time I was really Bob Dylan in drag!

JOAN BAEZ

SICKCERELY YOURS..



Please write to:
Sick Magazine
444 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10022

You really hit it right with that "TV Know-It-All" article. Those guests come on with a "cute" or controversial statement every time and it is too obvious. After reading your article, maybe they'll realize how dumb they sound and change their ways. Do you think so?

Jane Cannon
Los Angeles

Ed: No.

The hippies were dead until you started publicizing them. Why don't you just let them die out, they're ruining our generation.

Philip Mayson
Detroit, Mich.

Ed: How about that, readers? Can we get more opinions on this?



"Better Homes and Ghettos" was a masterpiece. I laughed all the way to the welfare office.

H.M. Carson
Newark, N.J.

Ed: You're a real poor sport, H.M.

Your parody on poor people was cruel, vicious and heartless. Making fun of poverty people was uncalled for with all the other serious problems there are to take off on in this world.

William Drake
Watts, California

Ed: You're a real poor sport, William.

The poor people (your writers) are to be congratulated for their brilliant satire on the poverty group.

Dom Fortunato
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ed: Don't tell them, they'll want to get paid.

I'd like to comment on your news item about the gas station giveaways. With all the trading stamps and other enticements offered by business, you can't live today without gambling in one way or another. If they can't sell



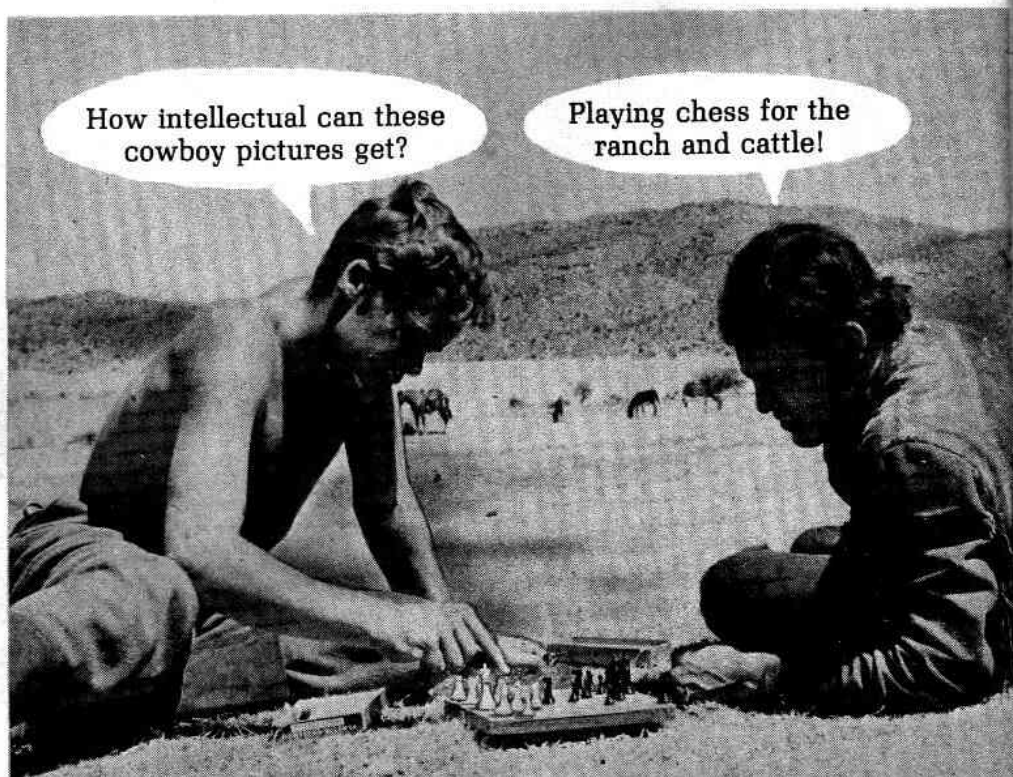
"If they can't afford to lose they shouldn't play."

their products on merit, they should go out of business. Your magazine should be commended for pointing out this tragedy.

Samuel Merriwether
Joplin, Mo.

Ed: Listen, Sam, you're gambling every time you buy this magazine.

Can't you find anything more worthwhile to do than cut down and mock out certain individuals that don't com-



How intellectual can these cowboy pictures get?

Playing chess for the ranch and cattle!

promise to the "straight" materialistic way of life, such as those "stinky nasty" hippies?

Sharon Thomas
Mish, Indiana

Ed: We could watch the old movies on TV.



I enjoyed the 101 Hippie Jokes, 'cause let's face it, the hippies are a joke. Right?

Susan Kroplin
Owego, N.Y.

Ed: You're gonna get us in trouble again, Susan.

I think your magazine is educational literature. I'm getting other friends to read your literature and they love it, too.

Mike D. Henderson
Opelika, Alabama

Ed: Don't give it to any hippies.

Would you do me a big favor? Please send me an enlarged picture of Huckleberry Fink. I have just graduated from 3rd grade but I'm the type who likes older girls. Not too long ago some meanie bashed in my mother's car from the trunk to the windshield while she was in the beauty shop but do get me some 36-24-36 girls. I have black hair, brown eyes, 60 some odd pounds of blubber, 10 years old and not too tall.

R.L.
Lampasas, Texas

Ed: Hey, kid, how'd you like to write for us?

Who did the research on the "TV Know-It-Alls?" I've been watching the

talk shows for years and never heard any guest speak any of the lines you had in the article.

Michel Grant
Allentown, Pa.

Ed: You were watching but were you listening?

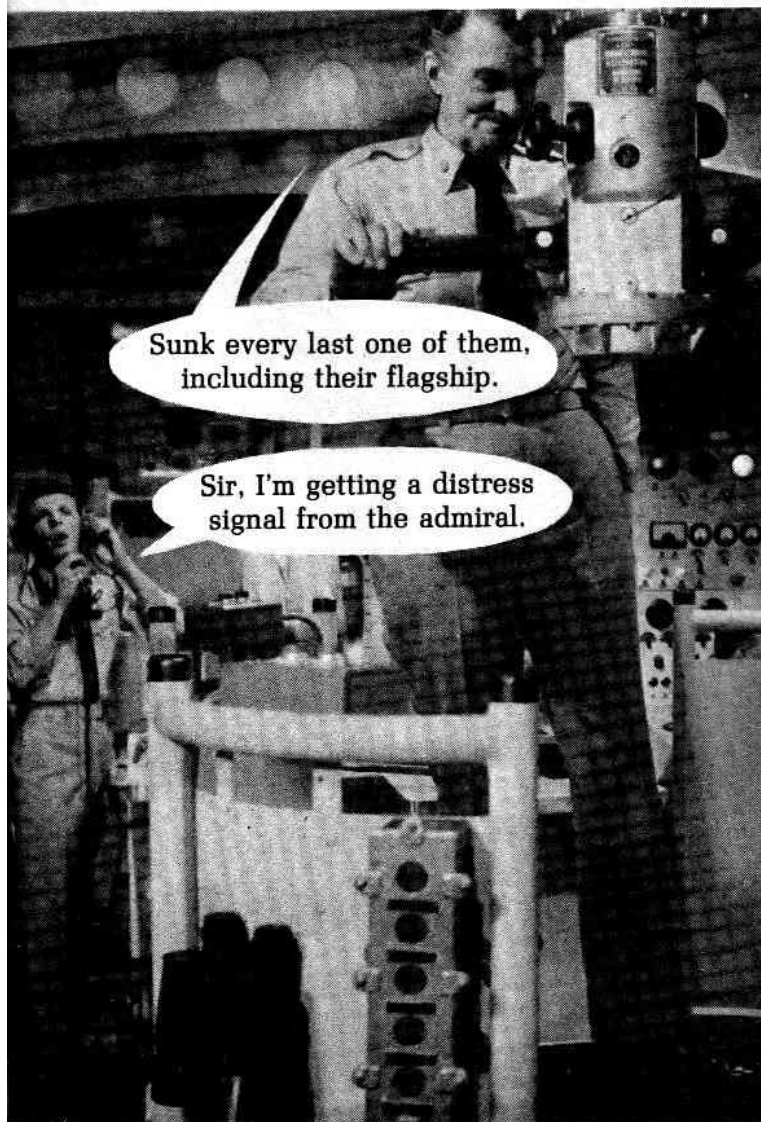
I'll be watching the TV "talk shows" religiously to see if they steal any of your lines. I think they should use some of them because it's from hunger the way they keep saying the same



things and using the same guests on all of those shows. The know-it-alls are really know-nothings. They need new material.

George Berman
Boston, Mass.

Ed: So do we.



Cinema

Splashed all over your neighborhood screens in recent weeks is a new movie epic that makes every true hippie shudder—it deals with water. Featuring Burt Lancaster as Yeti, the abominable ex-polo player, but great swimmer, who splashes his way into your heart and every

neighbor's pool, as he tries to hide his one great secret. This picture stars Burt, the rich people of Westchester, several expensive pools and a lot of chlorine. And if they don't clean up with this one at the box-office, at least it isn't a total loss, as Burt comes out of this mess more than half-safe, as — —

THE WADER

Script by Fred Wolfe Art by The Professor

The picture opens at a palatial estate in Westchester, where the owners are reclining under the weight of their bank accounts. These people's lives are empty. Filled with nothing but money, yachts, Ferraris, caviar and champagne—Ecch!

Dear, I see that A.T. & T. went down three points.

Isn't the "Little League Millionaires" keeping him busy?

So?

I told Daddy to sell that crumby company long ago, but he has to have his hobbies. Lovey, what are we going to do about our son, Wastrel? I'm worried about him.

It's not that, Harold. He wants to go to Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr.

But those are girls' schools.

Right, dear. There's nothing wrong with our son! Like father, like son, I say.

Look who's in the pool—

it's Yeti! Hi, Yeti! Where have you been all summer?

In your pool.

The SUN WORSHIPERS

How come we never noticed?

You know we both can't swim. Like everybody else around here, we've got to have a pool for show.

How stupid of me. Hey, Yeti, you're a great swimmer. Tell me, how do you make an Australian Crawl?

Like this?

No, you take away his kangaroo!

That stinks, but you've got to laugh when rich people make jokes.

Say, Yeti, what would you like to do tonight?

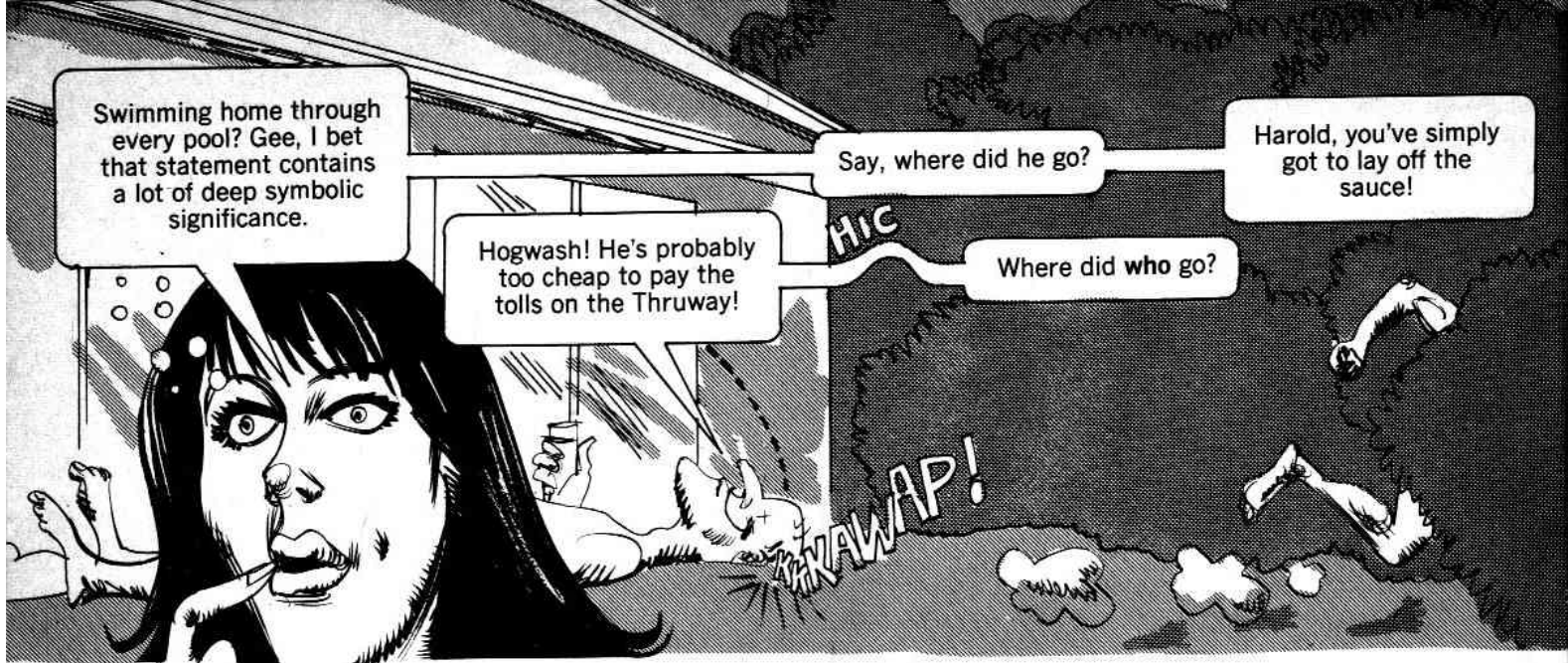
I don't know, "Marty." What do you want to do?

"Marty?" My name is Harold. You've got the wrong movie.

Of course it is, if you say so. But I'm supposed to be a little strange in this picture. Well, at least I know what I'm going to do today.

What's that, Yeti?

I've decided to swim my way home through every pool in Westchester. Believe me, it's something I have to do.



Swimming home through every pool? Gee, I bet that statement contains a lot of deep symbolic significance.

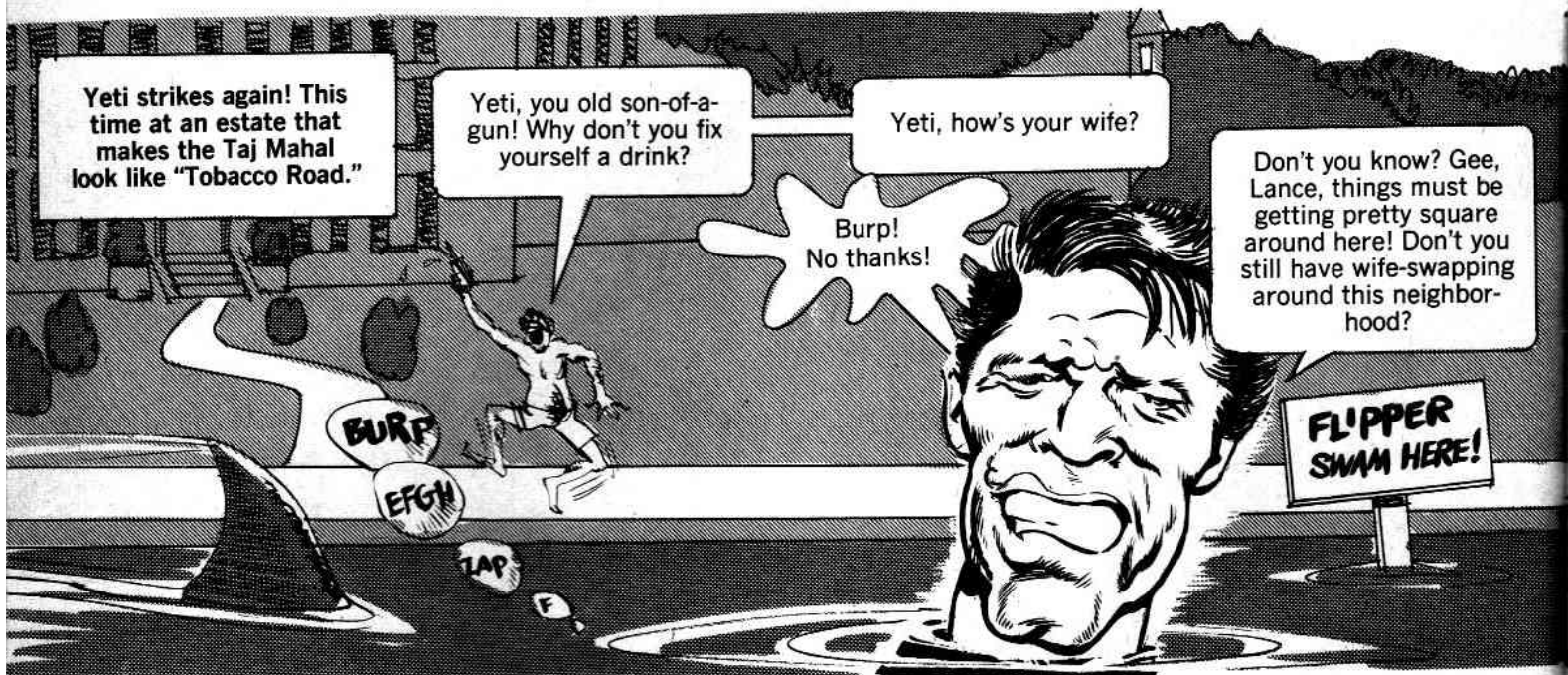
Say, where did he go?

Harold, you've simply got to lay off the sauce!

Hogwash! He's probably too cheap to pay the tolls on the Thruway!

Where did *who* go?

KICKAWAP!



Yeti strikes again! This time at an estate that makes the Taj Mahal look like "Tobacco Road."

Yeti, you old son-of-a-gun! Why don't you fix yourself a drink?

Yeti, how's your wife?

Burp!
No thanks!

Don't you know? Gee, Lance, things must be getting pretty square around here! Don't you still have wife-swapping around this neighborhood?

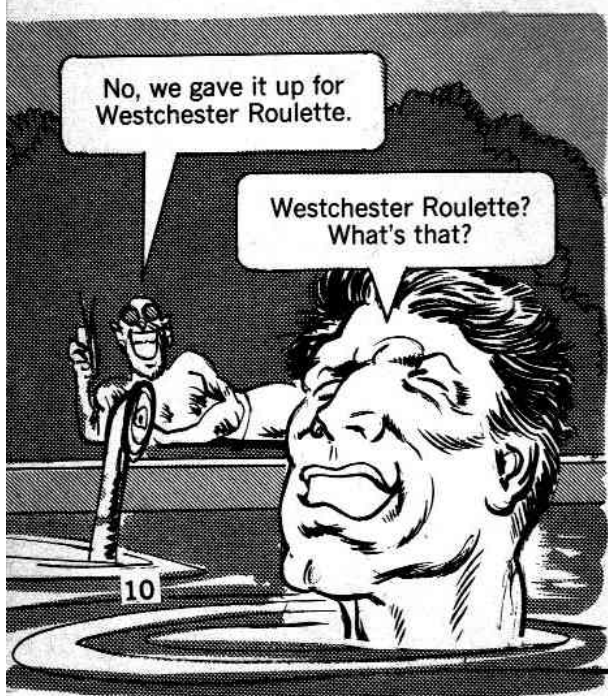
BURP

EFGH

TAP

F

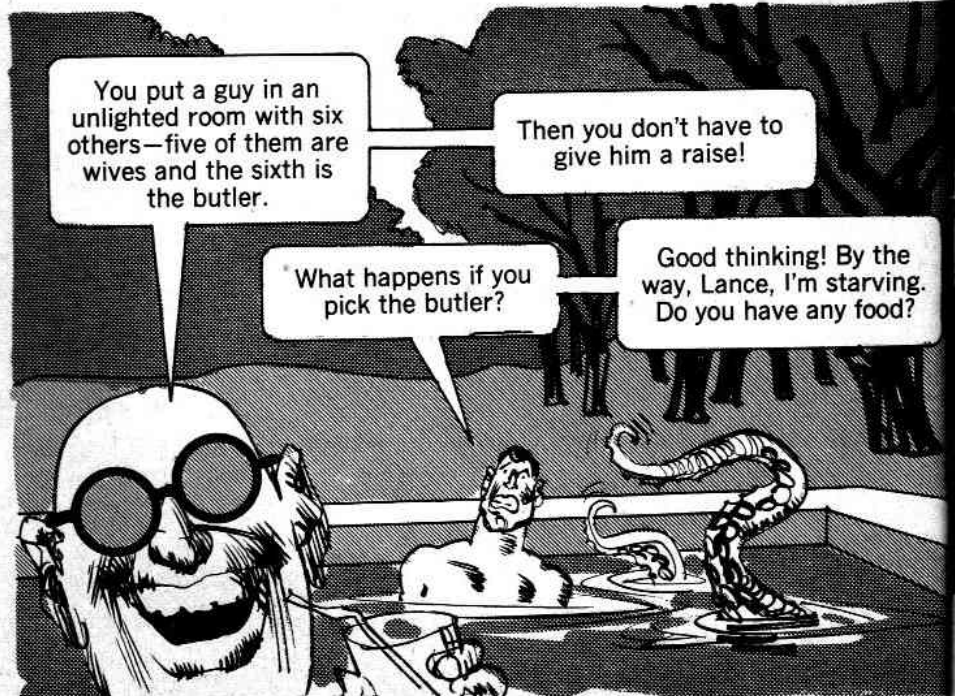
FLIPPER
SWIM HERE!



No, we gave it up for Westchester Roulette.

Westchester Roulette? What's that?

10



You put a guy in an unlighted room with six others—five of them are wives and the sixth is the butler.

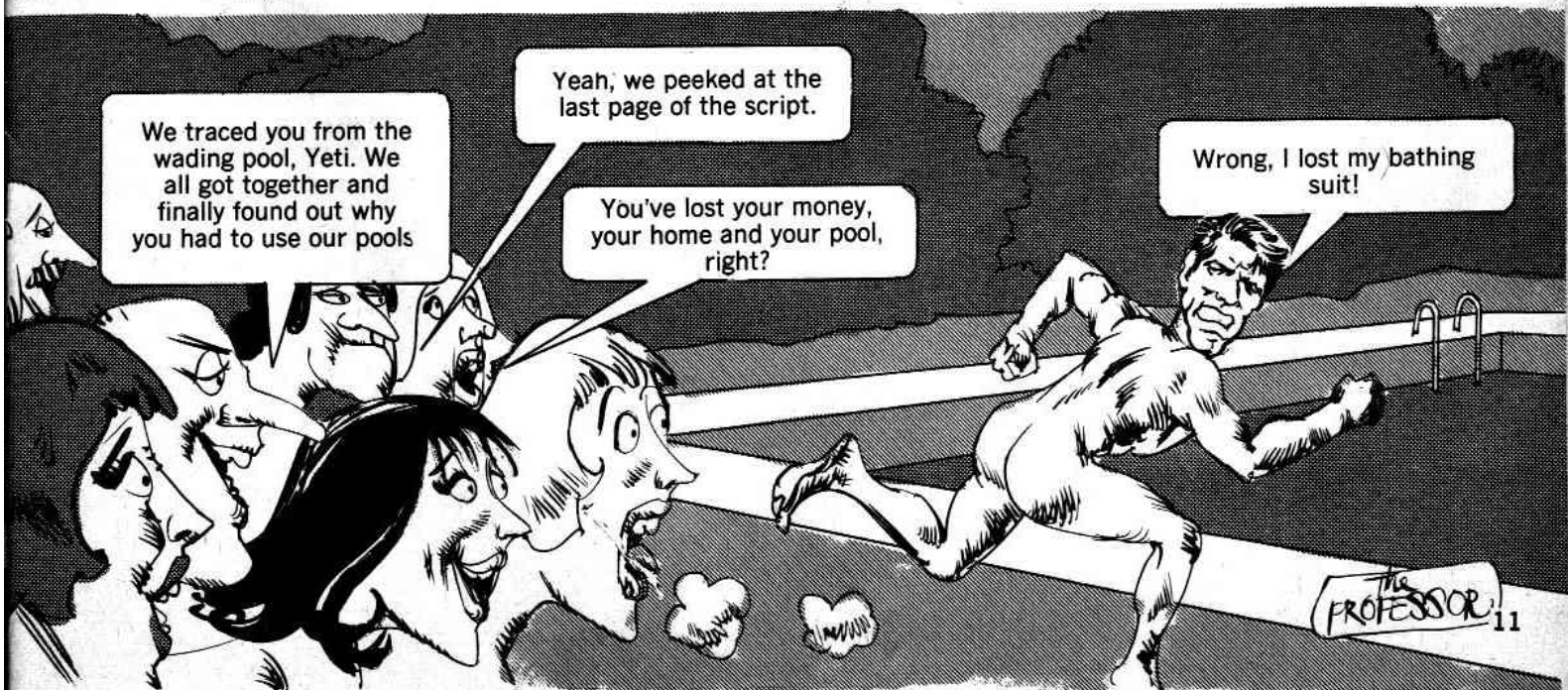
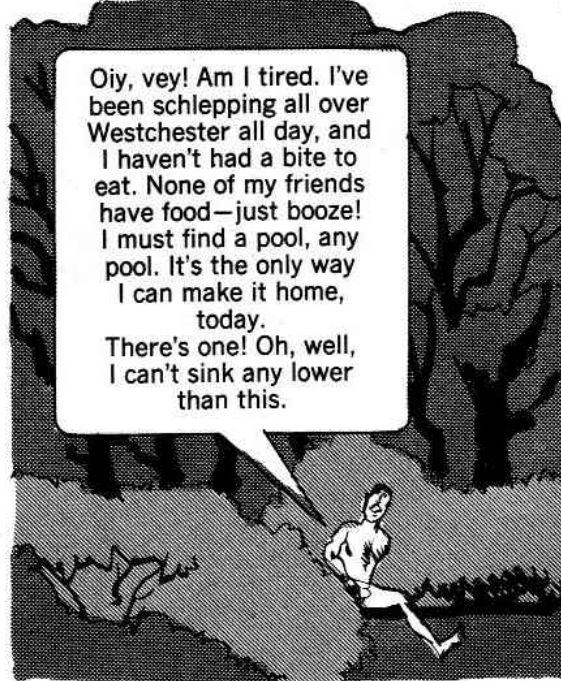
Then you don't have to give him a raise!

What happens if you pick the butler?

Good thinking! By the way, Lance, I'm starving. Do you have any food?



Lance, baby, you've got to lay off the sauce!

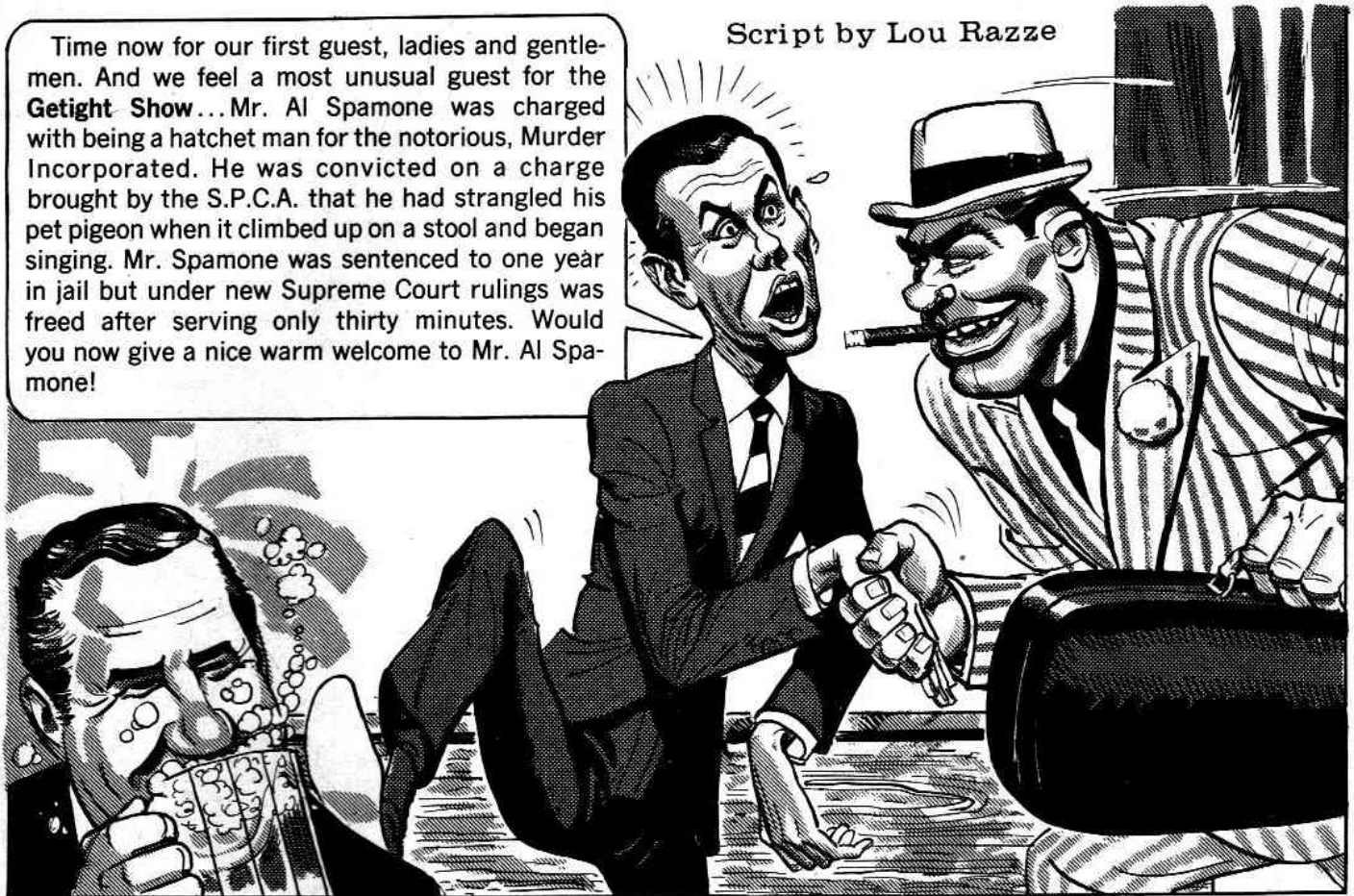


With the controversial Supreme Court decision coddling criminals, all sorts of opportunities might open up for the lawless set in the name of equal rights. For example, have you ever thought about high-ranking criminals appearing as guest celebrities on TV shows? How would the show biz comics react to this new type of personality? Something like this?—

GUEST CRIMINAL

Script by Lou Razze

Time now for our first guest, ladies and gentlemen. And we feel a most unusual guest for the **Getight Show**... Mr. Al Spamone was charged with being a hatchet man for the notorious, Murder Incorporated. He was convicted on a charge brought by the S.P.C.A. that he had strangled his pet pigeon when it climbed up on a stool and began singing. Mr. Spamone was sentenced to one year in jail but under new Supreme Court rulings was freed after serving only thirty minutes. Would you now give a nice warm welcome to Mr. Al Spamone!



Nice to have you on the **Getight Show**, Al.

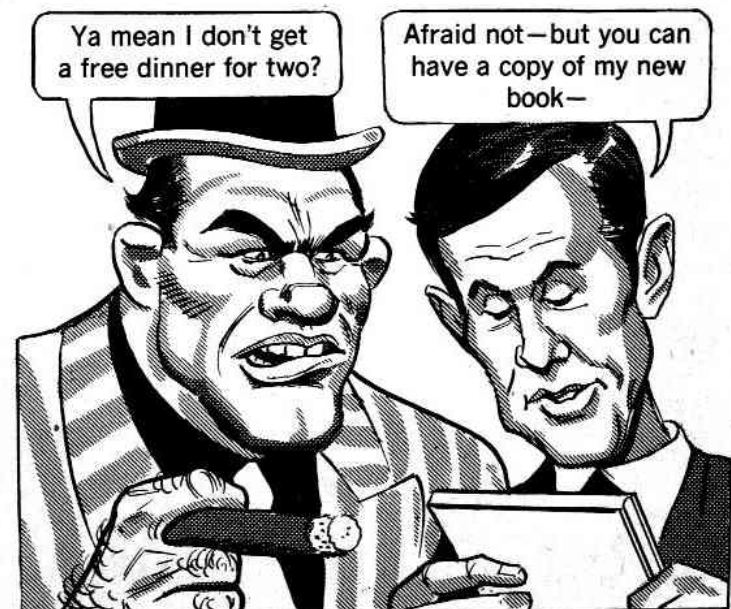
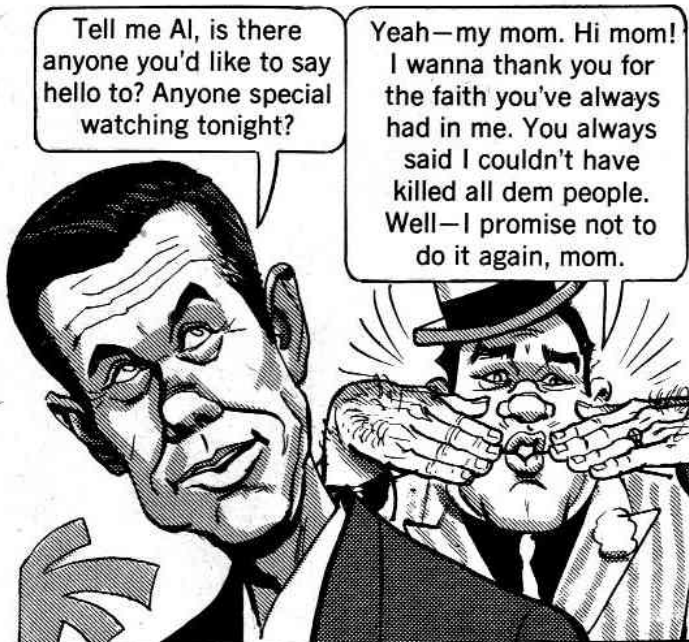
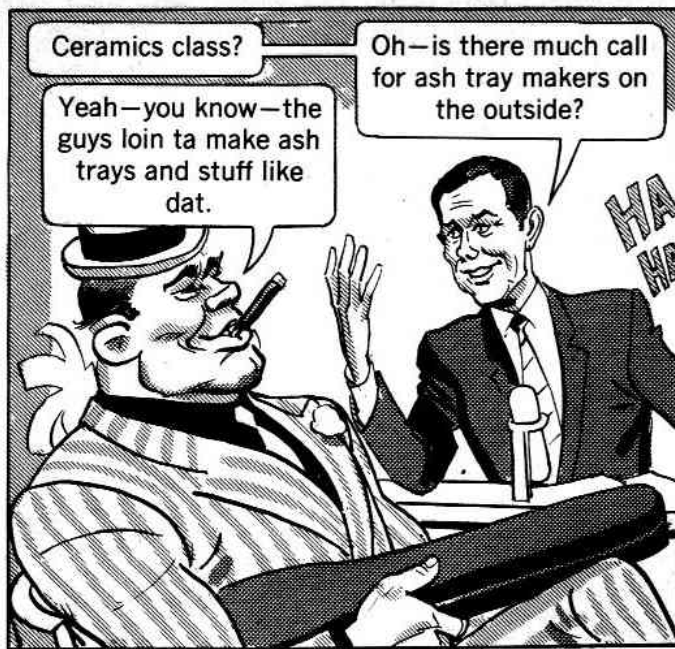
Nice ta be here, Johnny. All da guys up at da Pen watch it. We love ya, kid.



Well thank you. They have TV up there, huh?

In every cell. Tell ya the troot—I always hate to leave. We got everyting dere. Sports, library, ceramics class—







SHELLY BEERMAN AND GUEST CRIMINAL

Operator—I think there's a burglar in my house. Get me the Beverly Hills Police—quickly please... No, I don't want to copy the number down!

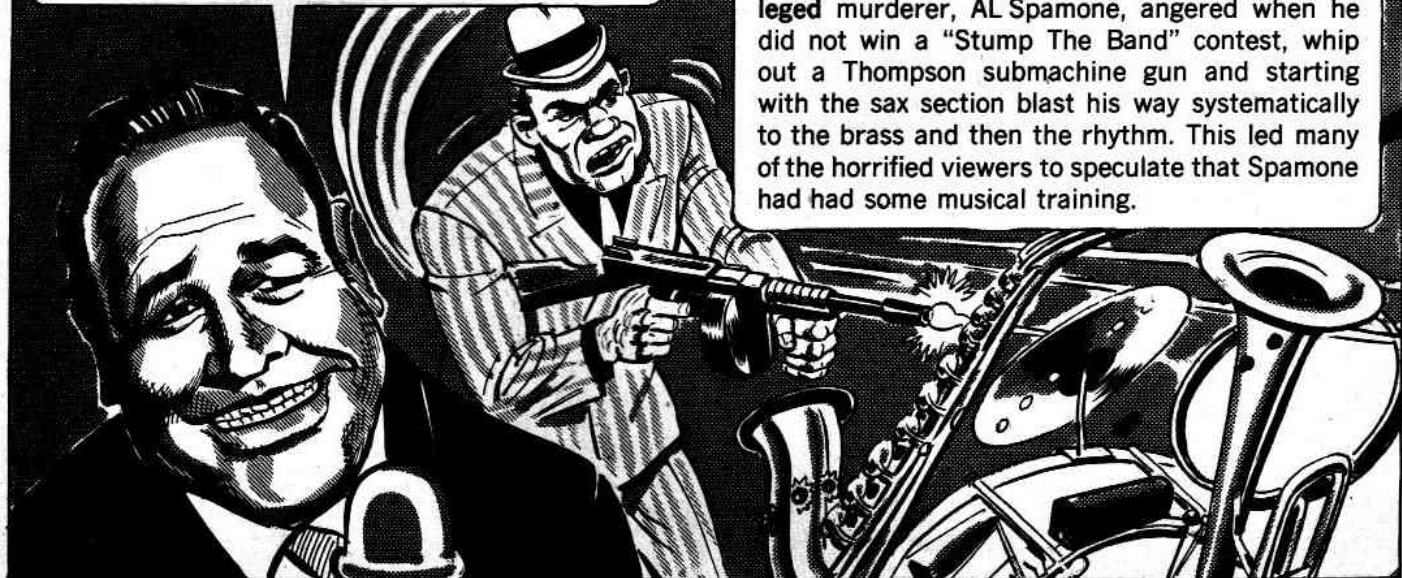
Well, because I'm standing here in the dark—nude—and I don't have a pencil!... Thank you... Beverly Hills Police? Listen, my house is being robbed, could you—huh?... Well, no, of course I don't have an appointment... Well, gee, sarge,—how was I to know that my house was going to be robbed?... Look, I'm scared to death—isn't there something you can do?... Not unless he shoots me? But I might not be able to call you then... I should leave word with the maid?...



JONATHAN SPLINTERS

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. This is Floyd Flickert with station C.R.U.D.'s 11 P.M. news.

Ratings of the NBC program—*The Gettight Show*—rose to an all time high last night with the showing of the massacre of the entire orchestra. It is estimated that over forty million people saw alleged murderer, AL Spamone, angered when he did not win a "Stump The Band" contest, whip out a Thompson submachine gun and starting with the sax section blast his way systematically to the brass and then the rhythm. This led many of the horrified viewers to speculate that Spamone had had some musical training.



Here now for you to enjoy over your late night snacks is a short recording of just what it was like at that fateful moment.

('ED, YOU BIG OX, GET IN FRONT OF ME! I'M THE STAR! I'M THE PRINCE! I'M THE BIRD OF PARADISE! SAVE ME!')...

Johnny Carson was not hit, ladies and gentlemen—I know many of you viewers will be glad to hear that. However one shot did hit Ed McHam in the stomach. He wasn't hurt but a lot of beer spilled out on stage.

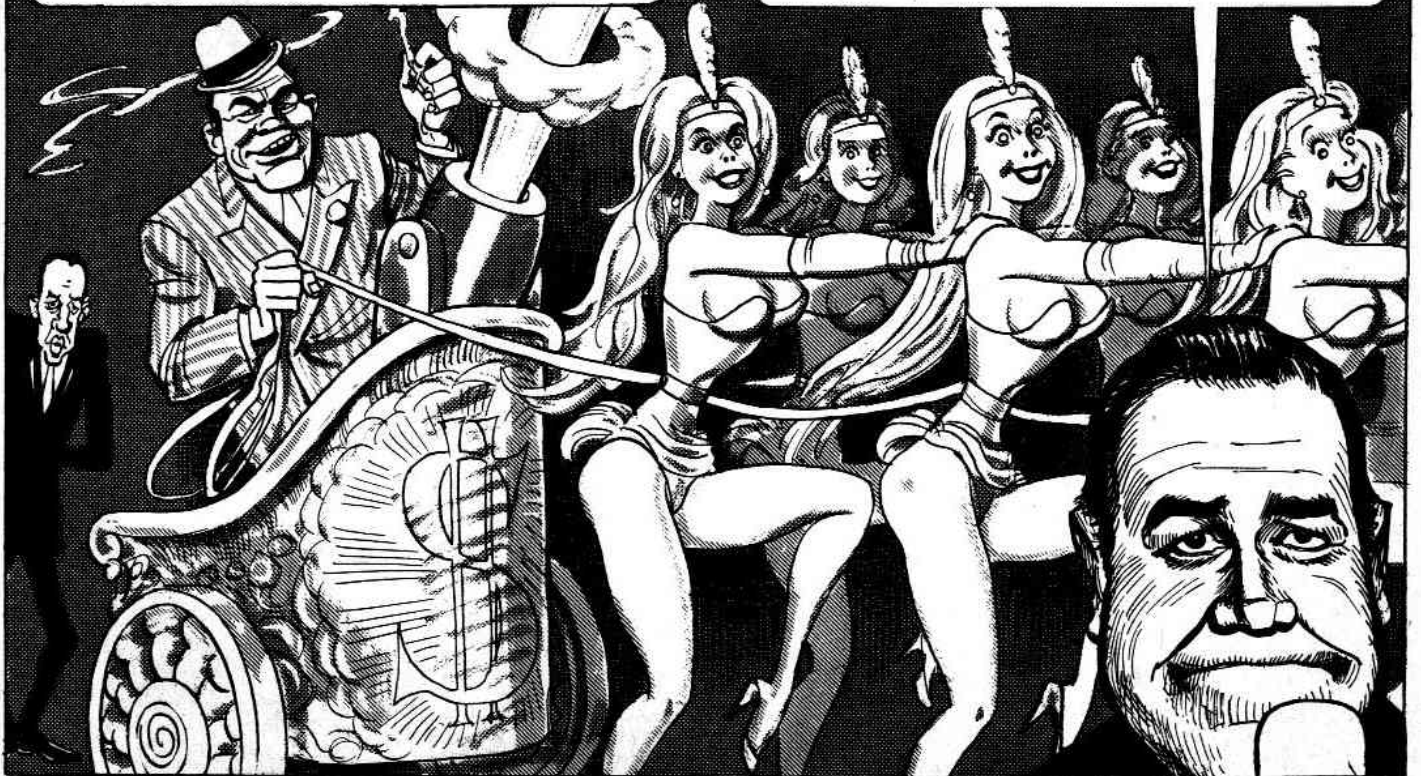


The orchestra leader was the only member of the orchestra to escape the bullets because, as Spamone put it: "He looked dead to me before I started shootin' ". However, he was wounded when his face was cut by flying bass strings. Doctors say his condition is not so good—but his appearance has improved.

When the ratings for the show came out this morning, Ed Sullivan immediately put up the fifty dollars bail for Spamone and signed him for his Sunday night show. The first half of the program,

Sullivan says, will be aimed, as usual, to the kiddies and half-witted adults. There'll be puppet Topo Gigio, the Marquis Chimps and all of that noise. But in the second half it's strictly adults-ville when Al Spamone will be drawn slowly across the stage in a white chariot by ten beautiful virgins, at which time Spamone will dust off the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir with mortar fire as they sing, "Nearer My God To Thee."

Good luck, Ed! Floyd Flickert here, signing off for station C.R.U.D.



LATE NEWS

JUSTICE

FLIES HIGH

Script by Bill Majeski

Art by Bob Taylor

NEWS ITEM:

SAN FRANCISCO—A police sergeant stood on the front steps of the Hall of Justice recently before 300 admirers and puffed a cigarette made with marijuana in protest against the state laws.

Surrounded by long-haired admirers, the Sergeant smoked nonchalantly and explained he was against the fact that you "could get arrested for smoking a harmless vegetable."

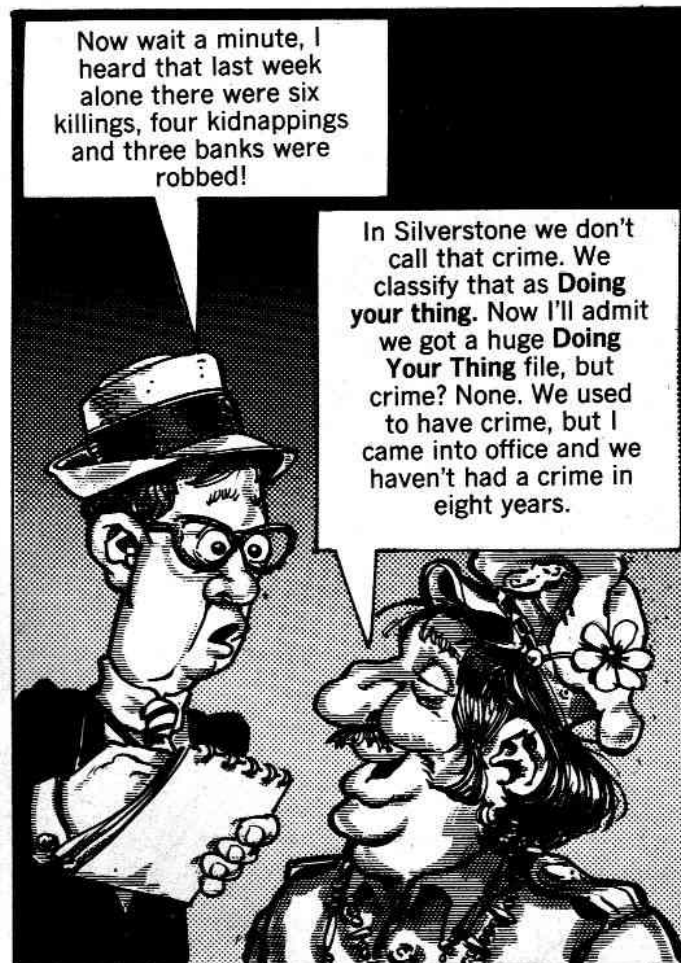
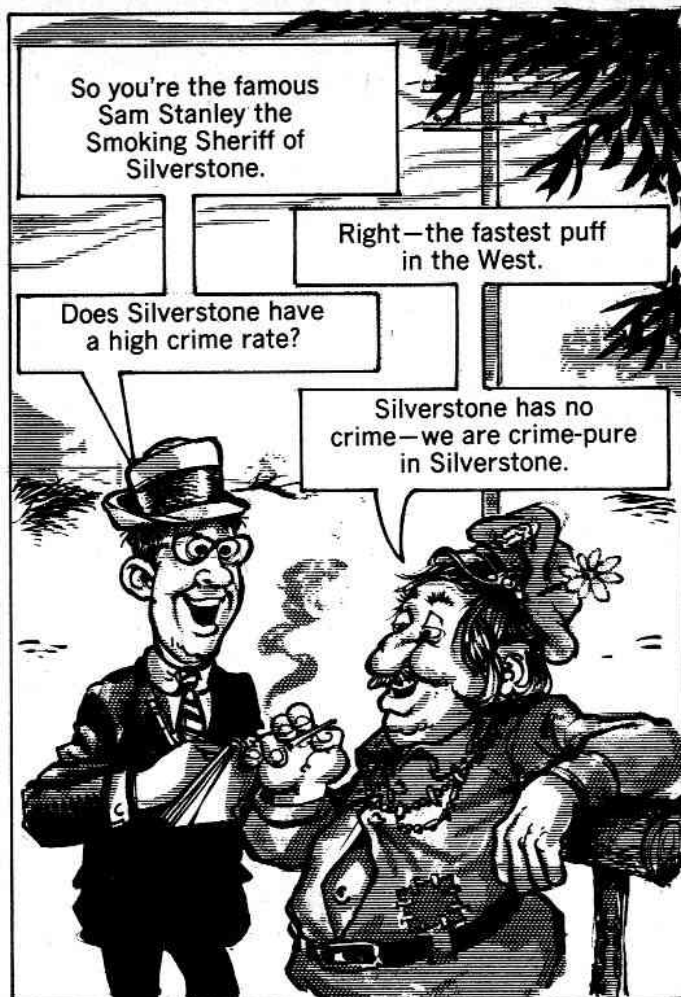
He said: "I was just doing my thing."

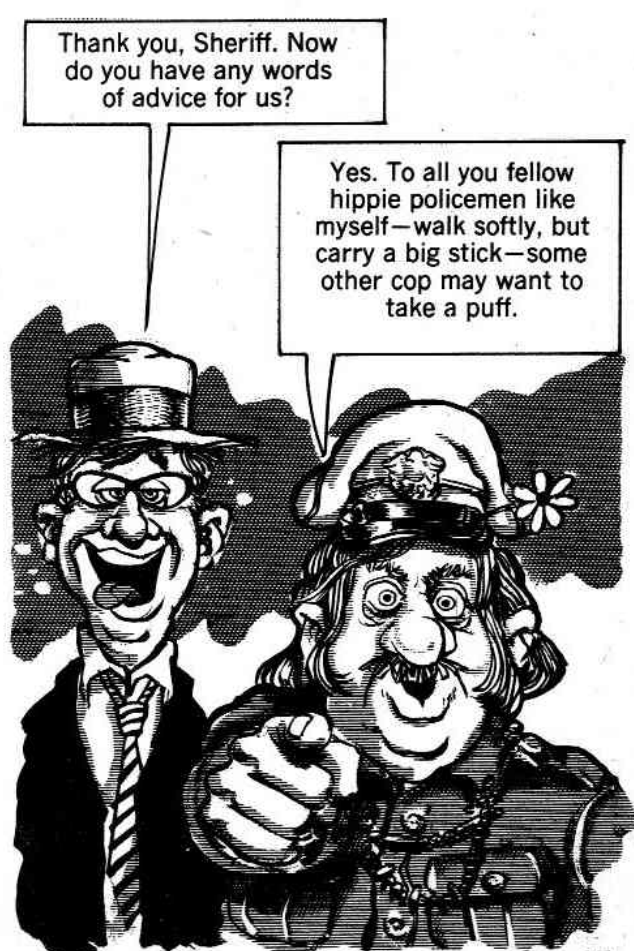
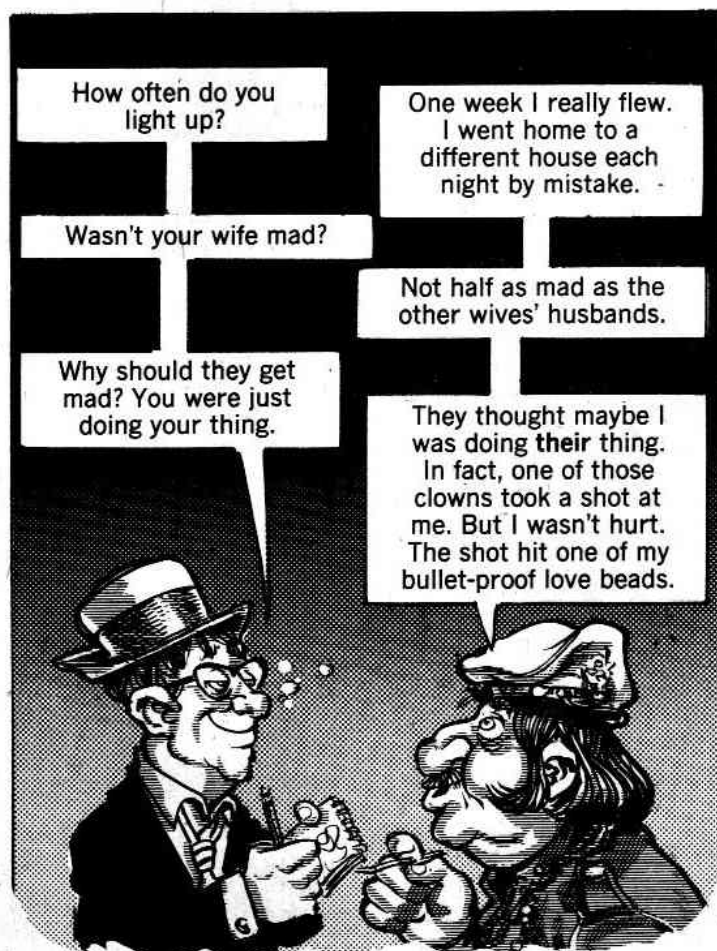
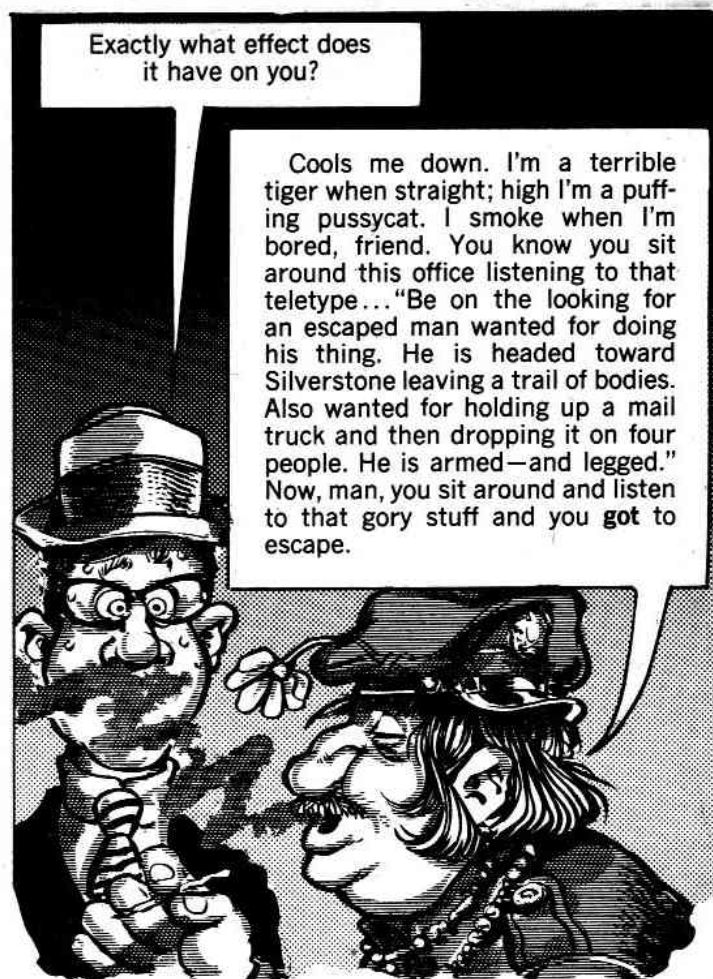
Now this story triggered off an avalanche of human interest in our magazine's Human Interest Department and so we sent two of our top people in the pot field to find out more about this trend. Would all law officers smoke pot or spray their filters with MACE before making an arrest? Could a big city equip its force with a helicopter flying squad without spending one cent for a helicopter?

Our daisy chain duo—Mary Wanna and Clyde High, authors of the best-seller "Two Sellers Do Not an Addict Make," spent three weeks on the story and came home only after they crash landed in a barren hippie pad in the Haight-Asbury section of that Golden Gate City.

And what did our Wanna-High combination tell us? Well, the sergeant's action wasn't history making. Pot-smoking policemen are all around us. It is a trend started by Sam Stanley, the Smoking Sheriff of Silverstone, Arizona.

The following is an exclusive interview with the famous Sheriff Stanley:





New York in undertaking a nationwide advertising campaign designed to attract tourists to the fabled Fun City. But the ads seem to have overlooked the most glamorous attraction the big city has to offer—the great New York Subway System. So, as a public service, SICK presents

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Future Ads for SUBWAYS



Art by Al Bare Script by Bob Heit



8th AVENUE EXPRESS

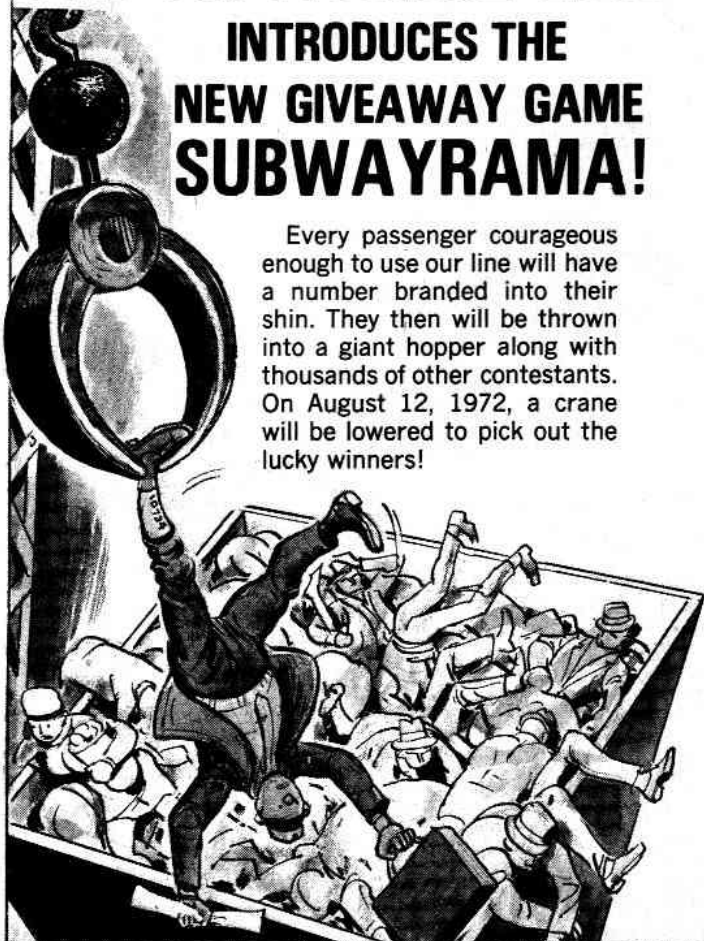
THE FIRST SUBWAY LINE
WITH WHISPER-JET CARS!



SO QUIET THAT YOU CAN HEAR
• THE SCREAMS OF FELLOW PASSENGERS
AS THEY ARE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

**THE 7th AVENUE LINE
INTRODUCES THE
NEW GIVEAWAY GAME
SUBWAYRAMA!**

Every passenger courageous enough to use our line will have a number branded into their shin. They then will be thrown into a giant hopper along with thousands of other contestants. On August 12, 1972, a crane will be lowered to pick out the lucky winners!



FIRST PRIZE: A fear-free walk on any street in New York!
The winner will receive an armed guard,
consisting of 1 National Guard Battalion.

THE BRIGHTON LOCAL

YOU CAN TAKE THE BRIGHTON LOCAL
OUT OF THE SMELLY CITY,
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE SMELLY CITY
OUT OF THE BRIGHTON LOCAL!



THE INDEPENDENT LINE

THE GREATEST SAFETY RECORD OF ANY SUBWAY!



An INDEPENDENT laboratory reports:

	BMT	IRT	7th Ave.	IND
Annual Stabbings	198	191	189	188
Monthly Shootings	86	83	79	77
Weekly Muggings	186	181	168	165
Daily Torturings	1,907	1,874	1,864	1,863

LEXINGTON IRT

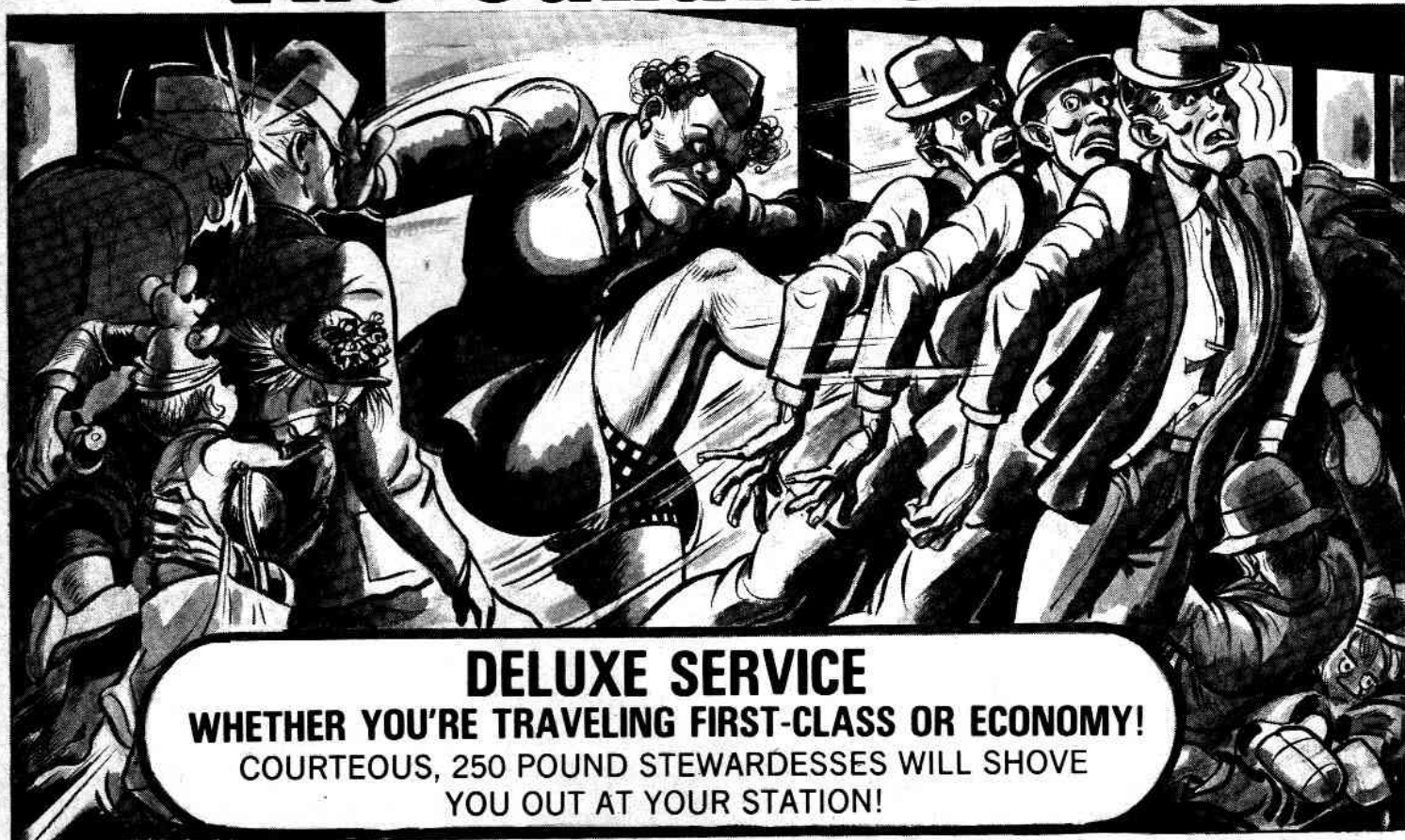
NOW

**BRONX TO BROOKLYN
IN ONLY 4 HOURS!**

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR DETAILS



The Canarsie Line



DELUXE SERVICE

WHETHER YOU'RE TRAVELING FIRST-CLASS OR ECONOMY!

**COURTEOUS, 250 POUND STEWARDESSES WILL SHOVE
YOU OUT AT YOUR STATION!**

TAKE THE 8th AVE. ECONOMY PACKAGE TOUR!

For just 95¢ you will receive a one-way passage from Queens to Manhattan PLUS a lavish dinner at the world-famous Nedicks! You will be able to choose from their outstanding dinner menu:

- A. Two frankfurters and one orange drink.
- B. One frankfurter and two orange drinks.
- C. Two orange drinks and one clean napkin.
- D. Three orange drinks and one used napkin.



WEST-END EXPRESS

THE ONLY SUBWAY WITH INTERSUBWAY TELEVISION!
LETS YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE OTHER SUBWAY CARS!



SEE

PASSENGERS BEING TORN LIMB FROM LIMB!
THEIR DESTRUCTION BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

THE SICK BOOK

THE DRAGON



HAIR

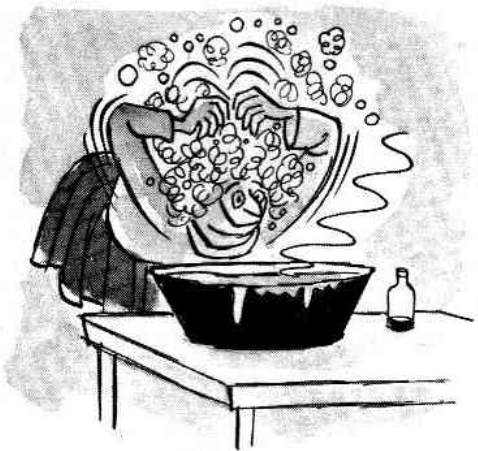
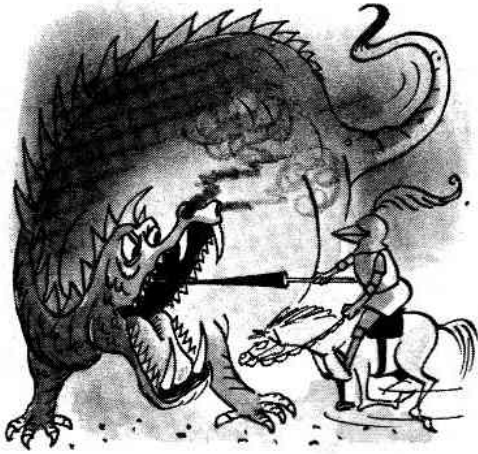


THE GENIE



OF FAIRY TALES

By Al Kaufman



Al Kaufman

A CARTOON PORTFOLIO

Cartoonist
Charles
Rodrigues
strikes again,
this time
with silent
comments on
our sick
society



Rodrigues





AGAINST THE WORLD



IF GREAT MEN OF THE PAST RETURNED

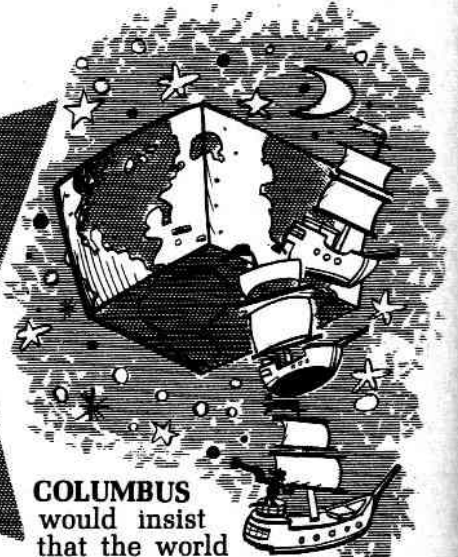
Have you ever wondered what someone out of the past would be doing if living in this day and age? We have. And what we guess is that:



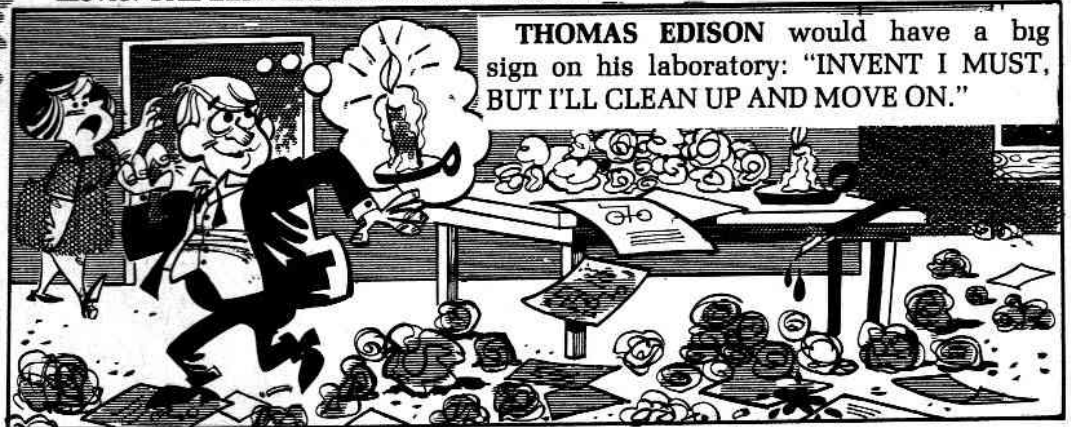
ABRAHAM LINCOLN would wonder why high schools, cities, and a tunnel were named after him, since he was still alive.



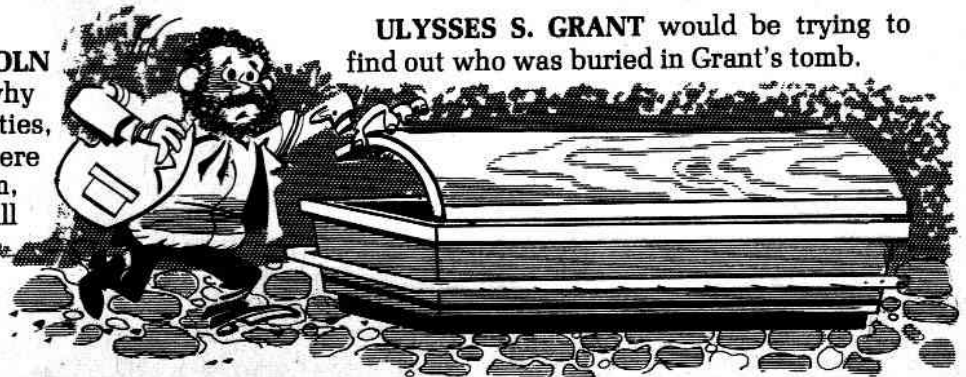
CLEOPATRA would be Hollywood's leading actress, starring in a \$500,000,000 movie: **THE ELIZABETH TAYLOR STORY**.



COLUMBUS would insist that the world is square. To prove his point he would borrow 3 ships from the Cuban government, sail for the United States, and fall off the edge of the earth.

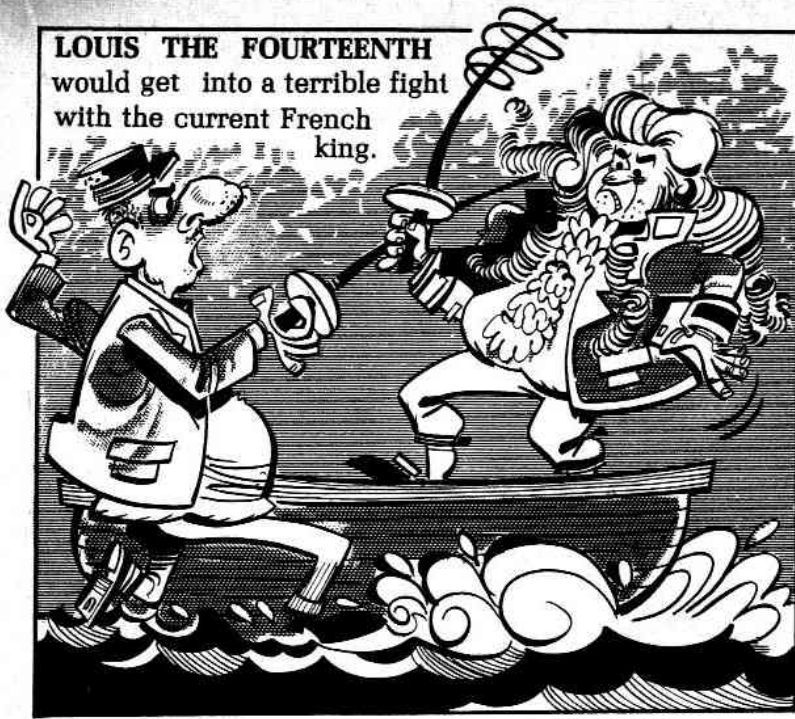


THOMAS EDISON would have a big sign on his laboratory: "INVENT I MUST, BUT I'LL CLEAN UP AND MOVE ON."

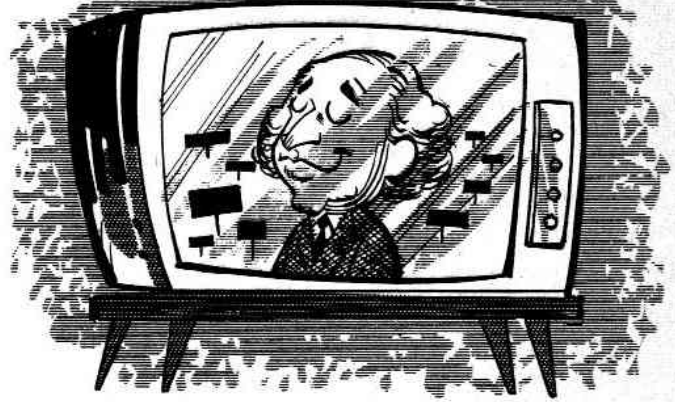


ULYSSES S. GRANT would be trying to find out who was buried in Grant's tomb.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH would get into a terrible fight with the current French king.



GEORGE WASHINGTON would tell reporters that he does not want to be president. However, he will add, "but if the people want me..."



KING-KONG would be looking for a home in the suburbs, because of his fear of riots.



ROBIN HOOD would be working for Internal Revenue.



GOLIATH would be playing pro-basketball.



would be working on an Israeli missile system.



ROBERT FULTON would be inventing "Fulton's Folly", a boat that would be able to run without steam! All that will be necessary are two big sticks called "oars"!

CONFUCIUS would be a top executive with a fortune-cookie company.



ATTILA THE HUN would be invading Russia with an army of 10,000 men on horses. The Russians would be demanding brooms.



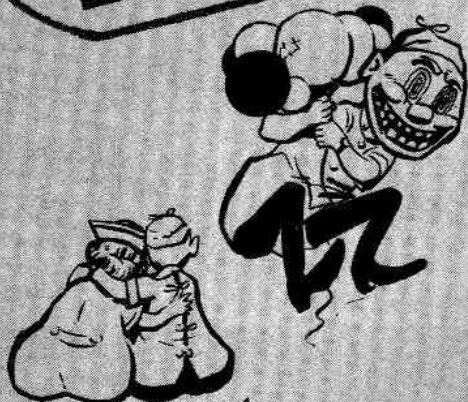
SOLOMON would be divorcing 1000 wives.



EXPOSÉ



For quite some time now we've been hearing about the shocking conditions in our hospitals. And lately, these conditions have been getting worse. In fact, some of the reports were so horrible and so unbelievable that we decided to investigate them. What we did was send our roving reporter-at-large to a typical city hospital to report on the conditions there. The following is what he found, which answers SICK's question . . .



HOW SICK ARE OUR HOSPITALS?

A SHOCKING REPORT ON CONDITIONS

by Paul Laikin

SICK's On-The-Spot-Reporter

WE ACCUSE THE HOSPITALS OF:



INTERNES DOING SURGERY

In some hospitals they have internes doing major surgery because of the shortage of trained surgeons. Here, somebody fresh out of school is performing a heart transplant. Which is quite shocking when you consider he's fresh out of Law School!



SOARING COSTS

Hospital costs have skyrocketed out of all proportion recently. They charge you for everything. Here a man has just received a bill for \$93 for a one-day stay. Which is high considering he never got out of the waiting room!

Continued on next page

EXPOSÉ



WE ACCUSE the Hospitals of:



EMERGENCY ROOM PROBLEMS

The Emergency Room is the most hectic place of all. Because they're understaffed, you really have to be in trouble to get in. The patient here has a knife sticking in him but does not qualify. He is still breathing!



EVERYDAY STRIKES

At any given time you can find somebody on strike in a hospital. This is not unusual, except when they're like the people here. These strikers are not doctors or nurses or aides or even workers at the hospital. They're the patients!



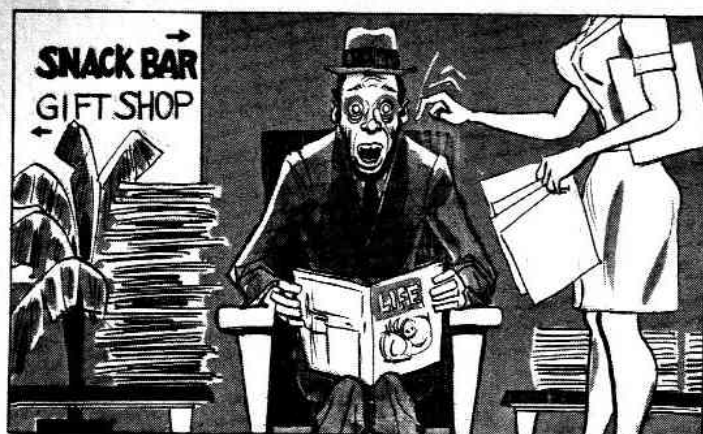
UNETHICAL EXPERIMENTS

Many doctors engage in human guinea-pig experiments without the consent of the patients. Although undertaken to benefit humanity, this is illegal and unethical. Like the one here in which a man with a 108-degree fever is put into bed with a fellow who has the chills to see if they'll even out!



UNNECESSARY TRANSFER OF PATIENTS

People are transferred from room to room unnecessarily and involuntarily. This causes a great deal of abuse and discomfort. Here somebody is being transferred from the second to the fifth floor against his will. Oddly enough, he isn't even a patient here. He's a moving man!



ADMITTING-ROOM RED TAPE

To get into a big city hospital today is a real hassle. There's just too much red tape involved before you're admitted. Here the patient is still trying to get in after sitting there for six hours. To make matters worse, he died twenty minutes ago!



OVERWORKED STAFF

Some hospitals have but one doctor taking care of an entire floor of patients. At the hospital pictured here, one individual is attending an entire ward all by himself. Worse part is, he's not even a doctor. He's a barber who came in to shave somebody!



SHORTAGE OF NURSES

There just aren't enough nurses to take care of all the patients. Those who are available are literally worked to death. Take the sickly-looking individual recuperating here in the hospital bed. It's not a patient. It's a nurse!



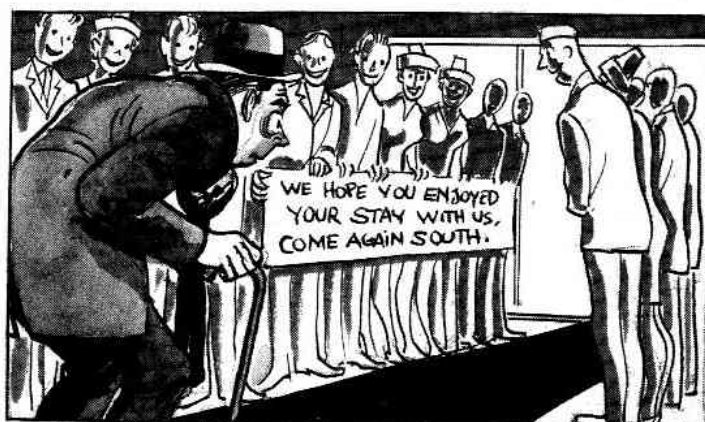
INFERIOR MEALS

Patients keep complaining of the meager meals served in hospitals. Here we see just such a meal. It consists of but one small egg and a tiny cup of juice. And this isn't even breakfast. This is Sunday dinner!



OVERCROWDED BED SPACE

Today's hospitals simply don't have the space to accommodate all the patients who need to be admitted. Here we see a typically overcrowded scene as patients lie sometimes two in a bed. And this isn't even in the hospital. It's on the parking lot across the street!



TIP-CRAZY PERSONNEL

When a patient checks out, everybody in the hospital has his palm out expecting a few dollars as a tip. Here we see just such a gang of eager beavers. Trouble is, they didn't even work on the patient! In fact, they're not even on the staff here . . . they're from another hospital!

EXPOSÉ

PEOPLE During that



Doctors who prescribe aspirin for gunshot wounds



Plastic Surgeons with crooked noses



Ambulance drivers who stop for lights



Internes who examine you with limp wrists



Bedpans with holes in the middle



Patients with contagious diseases who want to be friends

TO AVOID Hospital Stay



Expectant fathers who give you loaded cigars



Other patients who come to your bedside naked



Practical jokers who put tacks on wheelchairs



Smelling salts that make you faint



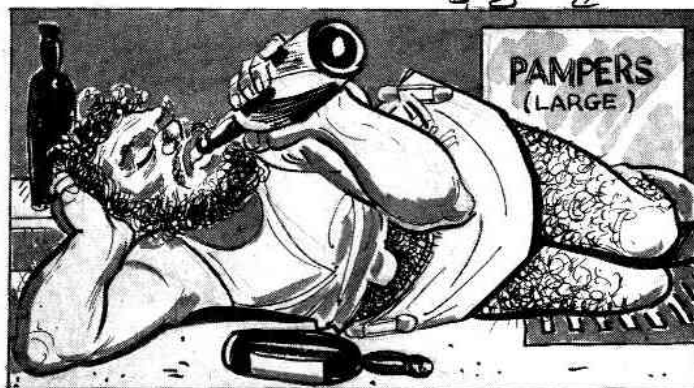
Alcoholics who tell you they're chiropractors



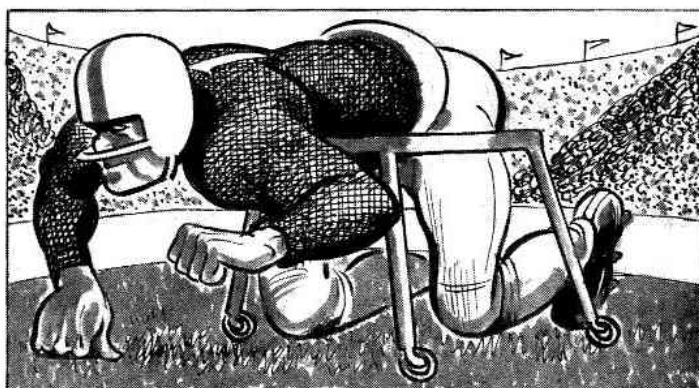
Small print in the hospitalization policy

EXPOSÉ

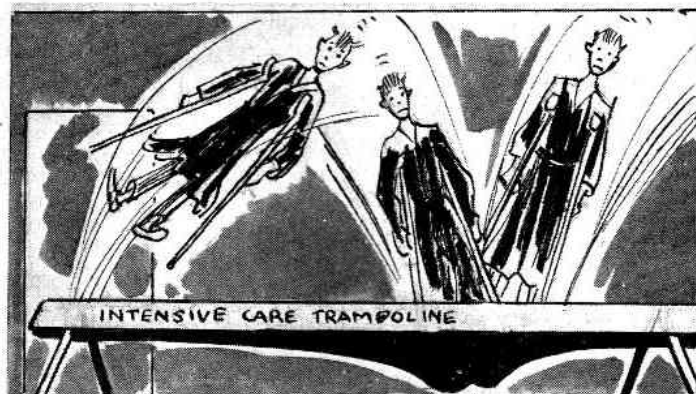
SICK COMBINATIONS TO AVOID



• ALCOHOLISM and a WEAK BLADDER



• WATER-ON-THE-KNEE and BOW-LEGS



• PARALYSIS and ST. VITUS DANCE



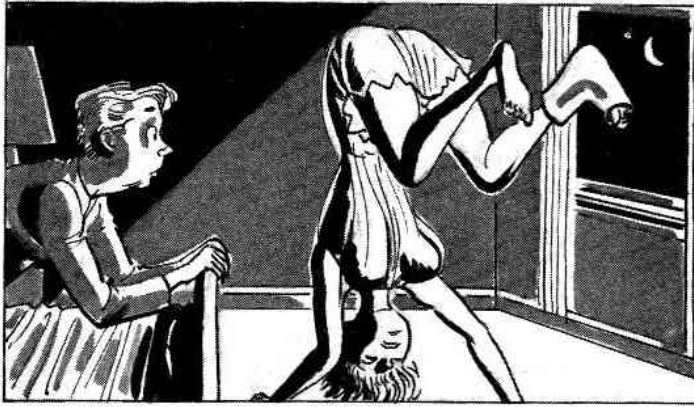
• CONSTIPATION and a TAPEWORM



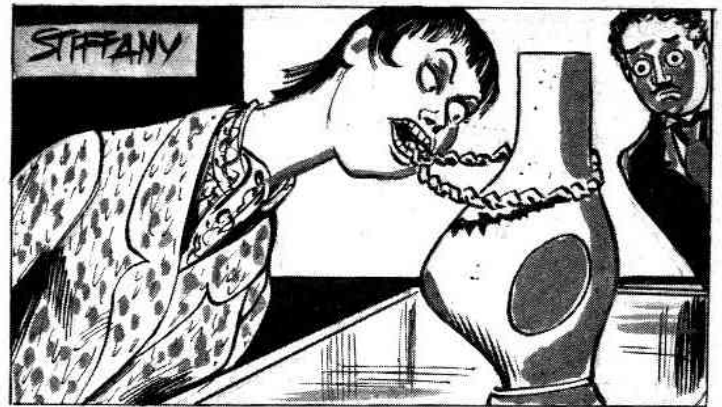
• DOPE ADDICTION and BROKEN ARMS



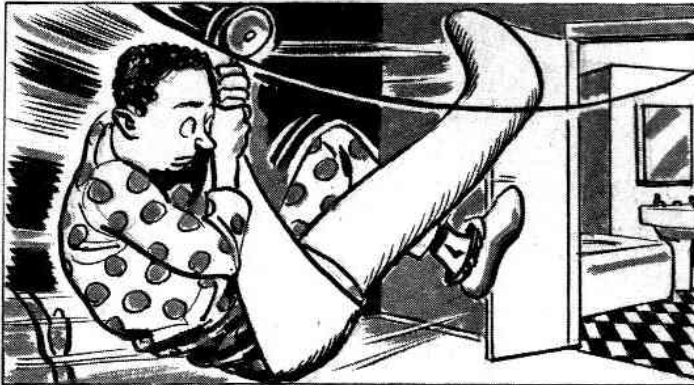
• HEARTBURN and a CORONARY



• SLEEP-WALKING and a SPRAINED ANKLE



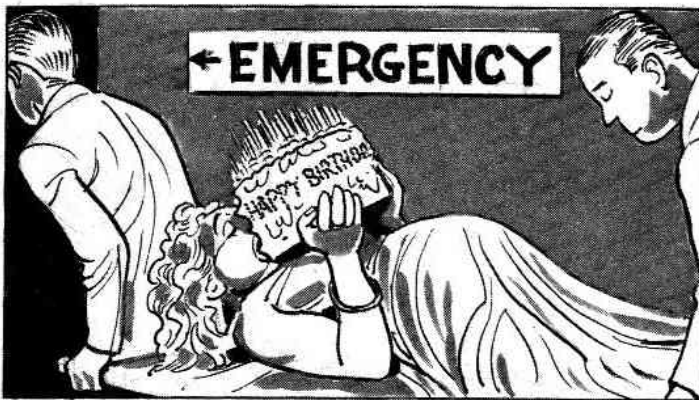
• KLEPTOMANIA and ARTHRITIS IN HAND



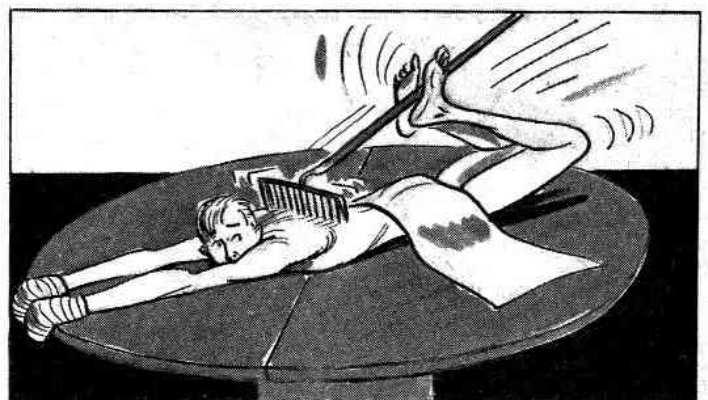
• DIARRHEA and a BROKEN LEG



• SEASICKNESS and LOCKJAW



• DIABETES and a SWEET TOOTH



• 7 YEAR ITCH and a HANGNAIL



• SINUS and a STUFFED NOSE



• FLAT FEET and KNOCK KNEES

THE MEDIC MACHINE

EXPOSE!



CLICHÉS YOU'RE BOUND TO HEAR FROM YOUR FRIENDLY FAMILY DOCTOR



WHAT THEY ALWAYS SAY

"There's a lot of it going around . . ."

"We'll fix that up right away . . ."

"I've seen lots of these cases . . ."

"I believe we caught it in time . . ."

"This may hurt a little . . ."

"Nothing to be alarmed about . . ."

"I want you to have this prescription filled . . ."

"That'll be \$20 please . . ."

"Call me tomorrow if there's any change . . ."

"You should worry—as long as you got your health . . ."

WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN

"I'm making more money now than I ever did!"

"After I leave, the pains will come back again!"

"Someday I must look it up in the book and find out what it is!"

"In a few hours you would have felt better anyway and wouldn't have called me!"

"You'll scream so much you'll wish you were dead!"

"Life is short anyway!"

"The druggist gives me a 10% kickback!"

"It's only worth \$5 but if you pay more you'll think I'm a better doctor!"

"There won't be and you'll be charged for another visit!"

"I figure you got six months to live!"



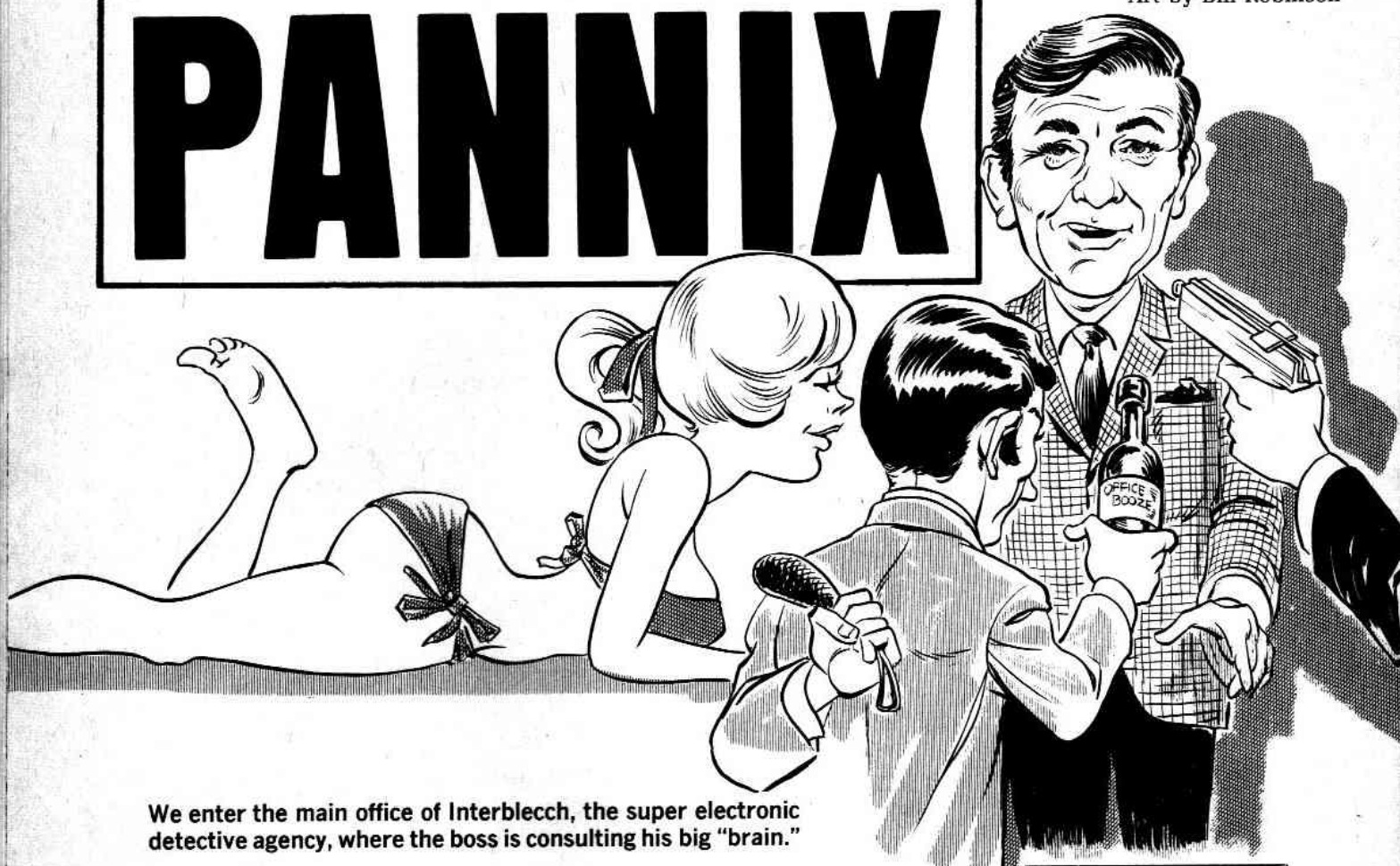
There's a highly successful action television show back this season—a private-eye series with a big difference. Everything is solved electronically, or at least it's supposed to be. Thus eliminating the violence, which has become a dirty word on t.v. So, the hero has it easy, having an I.B.M. machine replace the office bottle, the office blonde, the .45 calibre and the blackjack. The only trouble is the opposition has the office bottle, the office blonde, the .45 calibre and the blackjack and they're all aimed straight at— —

Television

Script by Fred Wolfe

Art by Bill Robinson

PANNIX



We enter the main office of Interblecch, the super electronic detective agency, where the boss is consulting his big "brain."

Tell me, Otto, when are you going to fix the Model 2468 computer? We've got a big case going, and it's at the very heart of our operation.

I fixed it, awready.

You mean you replaced the cross-bar unit, removed the diodes, added new transistors and connected them to the memory bank?

I just kicked it. It started right away. I always say, if you can't fix it by kicking it, then get a new one.



PANNIX, "Interblech's" crack agent, enters the boss' office. He wears a Hathaway shirt which he bought off a retired one-eyed agent, and a smart "Hart, Schaffner & Marksman" suit designed for the cocktail hour—Molotov Cocktail!

Come in, PANNIX, I've got a complaint to make. Remember that guy you picked up and worked over, the one who was supposed to be the most-wanted criminal in fifty states?

Yeah, so what?

You idiot! He turned out to be J. Edgar Hoover!



Don't blame me! The computer gave me the lead!

You know the computer is just for show. When did you ever remember us solving any case with it?



I've got an assignment for you, PANNIX. But as usual, I know you won't follow my advice.



Right, chief. I'll insist on using my own unorthodox methods, despite the cockamamie computers, the million-dollar staff, the researchers and the whole shmeat.

And I'll keep refusing to have any faith in your methods, even though you break the case in every episode.

You're the greatest!

Now let's get down to business. This new case may involve future world security.

Lay it on me, Lou baby!

Our employer is the "Amalgamated Armaments Trust." They've got some sickie on their research staff who developed a Mini-Missile—for poor nations who can only afford a small war, and he's disappeared with the plans.

This is terrible, chief. If this invention gets out, smaller nations may start fighting each other, a world holocaust may ensue, with hundreds of millions of people wiped off the face of the earth!



It's even worse than that, PANNIX. "Amalgamated" sells their large economy size bomb for 50 million a throw, and this Mini-Missile goes for \$1.98—"Amalgamated" may be wiped out!

This potential destroyer of rich people's profits goes under the monicker of John J. Action. PANNIX, you've got your assignment—Get Action! But remember, we're an intellectual detective agency, so no violence!

You bet your bird!

You're to report to a former pigeon loft in the Village at midnight, where you'll find a wise man who knows all the answers. And you're to phone in regularly for instructions. Remember, we've got the agency's reputation to think of, so... PANNIX...

Yes, chief?

...no slugs!



At the stroke of midnight, PANNIX enters the loft in the East Village where the wise man, Go Go Guru, addresses his disciples.

Remember, my children, gold is not the only answer—there's also platinum, diamonds and rubies! Yay, I say to you, my pockets were truly holy, until I started to take my own advice and began to separate the good from the evil—and the loot!—from Mia, those singing kids, and the rest of that show-biz schtick! Peace, my son. What can I do for you?



Excuse me, your Guruness. But I came here looking for Action.

Action! Don't you know that action leads to violence? Meditation is the only answer. Already I've meditated that I hate men of action. They're a threat to world peace. And we must eliminate that threat. Get him peace-lovers!



TELEPHONE



Lou, this is PANNIX. The first lead you gave me was a loser — I lost two front teeth! Lou, did the staff use those stupid computers?

No, they're being used to print telephone bills. We've got to make ends meet somehow. Especially with you all the time alienating our clients. PANNIX, I've got a new lead for you. Our researchers discovered a groovy chick who really knows where Action is.

That sounds more like my line, chief. Where is this sex-bomb?

You can find her at 42nd and Fifth. You're to ask for Miss Zilch.

Stop the comedy, doll. You know what I've got to have, and you're the only one who can give it to me. So, how's about it, honey—I'd like Action.

I'll give you some action, you masher!

Psst! Do you know this dame, Zilch? You're not talking, huh? That's the last time I buy "Dreyfus Fund!"

I guess I'd better inquire inside.

DON'T THIS IDIOT KNOW STONE CAN'T TALK?

I've got to admit it, kid. You've got a great cover. Dig that wig, those converted drapes you're wearing. When underneath it all, you're a ball of fire!

Just what are you up to, young man?

Next time, bleed quietly!

Hello, Lou? I just got beat up by a little old librarian. It's only a mild concussion. I just wish she had used "Little Women," instead of "War and Peace!"

Stop complaining, PANNIX. I envy you, being an intellectual detective.

Yeah, it comes in handy for reading all the clauses in my Blue Cross contract.

You're all set, PANNIX. I got a sure-fire lead to finally get us Action.

The research staff?

No, the janitor. He empties the waste basket in Perry Mason's office. You're to proceed to Central Park, where you'll make contact with a group of motorized agents. They'll give you Action.

To tell you the truth, I think I've had all the action I can stand. But I'll try one more time.

Clever get-up, gang. Now let's have it. I'm looking for Action.

Dig him, cats. He's begging for it! Man, if you want action, you're gonna have to answer one question first.

Oh, I get it. Like a code countersign?

Yeah. Like what's the big laugh line on the Rowan and Martin show?

Sock it to me!!

You're right, chief. I'm going home to finish off a bottle.

Right, pops! Now you get action!

Boss? I quit! I can't find this Action guy.

PANNIX, you know you never quit, even if the client fires you halfway through the case. It's not your style.

But you know you never drink. It doesn't fit your clean-cut image.

I don't know why I dress up on these jobs. I'd be better off wearing a Patton tank!

I can learn! I can learn!

We know you can probably wind up this mish mosh every week inside of thirty minutes, but think what would happen if you solved every case midway in the program.

Who's talking about booze? I'm talking about plasma!

Okay, I'll probably send an agent over later with more information.

RINNNNG

Excuse me, mister. Do you want to buy some Girl Scout cookies?

I've got to hand it to Lou. This is the best cover yet for an agent. She looks like a kid and gets around to all the houses unsuspected.

What do you mean?

All right, honey, enough with the cookies routine. We know what you're really peddling.

All right, we'll play it your way. I'll give you a lollipop, and all I want from you is Action.

It's a good thing our group leader, Wally Cox, taught us karate!

Why you dirty old man!

Lou? I've had it!

You sure have, PANNIX. You're fired! We've cracked the case with

the aid of our new top agent. Otto, the repairman. He's got your job!

You mean he found Action when me, your entire staff and those machines all failed? How did he locate Action?

Easy. He told us to look in the phone book.

Chief, will you please tell me one thing. Why do you keep those expensive computers around the office, when all we get is failure?

For me they've been very successful.

How?

They've helped me line up dates for the next nine years!

It would be HORRIBLE! (As if it wasn't already!)

INFLATIONARY

V commercials!
ever what would hap-
n ever combined?
LE! (As if it wasn't already!)

TV ADS

Script by Bob Heit



Faster acting than ever!
NOW Enters your blood-stream before you
even take it!



Having trouble sleeping?
Be the first Sleeping Beauty on your block!
The new, secret Sleepeasy formula will put
you to sleep for 100 years!



SCHAEFERS is the beer to have When
you're having more than 853,797,085,970



ARID

New, improved ARID offers not just 24 hour protection, not just one week protection, but 10 years protection!

One small spray and you will have complete underarm protection until 1979!

Imagine! No showers for 10 years!*

*We cannot be held responsible for what happens to any area except armpits.



JUICY-FRUIT GUM

New! Improved!

Now stretches your coffee break from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.



LUSTRECREAM

Now makes your hair so ALIVE that just one application will make each strand rise and sing, "WE SHALL OVERCOME".



NICOTINBAN

Kill the cigarette habit!

Nicotinban's new secret ingredient will not only stop you from smoking, but:

Sneezing
Hiccuping
Burping
Breathing

**THE
END**

BE AN ENTERTAINER

Once again, in response to numerous letter, Sick presents for aspiring entertainers, a professional monologue by Bill Majeski, who has written for some of the top names in show business. This opus, in sympathy with the nation's LAWANDORDER kick, is entitled:

MANIAC KILLER

Art by Bill Kresse

Men, as your police chief, I tell you now that we must stop this outrageous crime spree.



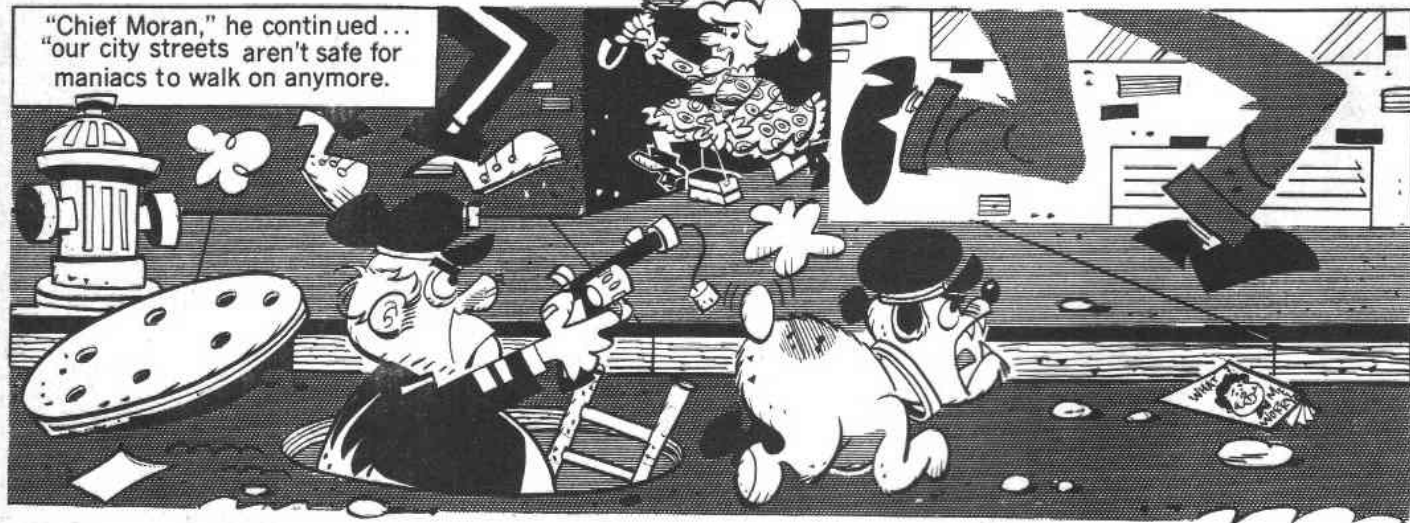
I'm talking about the maniac killer. Last week alone four maniacs were killed. And I'm on the spot.



This morning I got a call from J.T. Frenzy, president of the Society of American Maniacs. "Chief Moran," he said ... I interrupted to tell him my name was Chief Higgins.



"Chief Moran," he continued ... "our city streets aren't safe for maniacs to walk on anymore."



I'm getting it from both sides. I got this note this morning. "Chief Higgins, I will kill you."



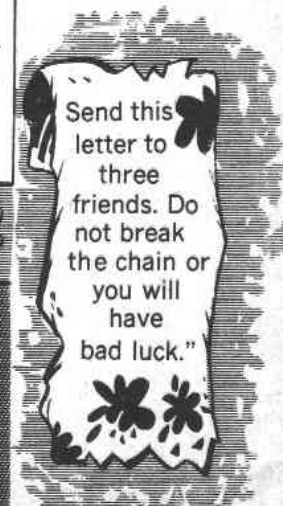
I will get you alone and break your back, and kick your teeth in and steal your hearing aid.



I will burn down your house, ruin your car and bash in your skull with a blunt object.



Send this letter to three friends. Do not break the chain or you will have bad luck."



In an effort to solve this case, I've brought in three hoodlums all of whom have a reputation for disliking maniacs. I'll have them walk in under the spotlight for a lineup and I want to ask you men to hold your applause until all the criminals have been introduced.

Leading off is Flim-Flam Banghart. Did I pronounce that right? No? How do you pronounce it? ... Montague Quicksilver, I see. Montague is one of our better-known arsonists, specializing in warehouses, failing restaurants and tenements. Nice fellow... just don't ask him for a match.

Next.

Harrison Shugrue is next. He's here because he looks like a criminal. Look how close together those two eyes are. Of course, they're far away from the other eye, but that in itself is a criminal characteristic.

Next.

Last but not least, wearing Number 17, hailing from Boise, Idaho, the Oklahoma Kid, Penman Jones. Penman writes notes for a living, usually bomb hoaxes. Last month alone he was responsible for me sending 87 men out on 14 wild goose chases. What's that, Farnsey? No... we caught no wild geese. ... er... geese.

By the way, Penman — and this goes for all bomb scare note writers who may be in hearing distance — when you send a note saying you've planted a bomb somewhere, for heaven's sake, plant a bomb. Sending men out like that for nothing is just a waste of the taxpayers' money. Step down.

Now those are your suspects. Sergeant Mullaney, stand behind each of them now and hold your hand over their heads. Men, you applaud for the best suspect... and no whistling. Let's hear it now for Number 1. No. 2. No. 3. And the winner —



Penman Jones. Penman, register with the desk sergeant for the semi-finals. Can you come back next Thursday? Wonderful. Your opponent will be selected from the top three suspects of the 23rd Precinct and I'm looking forward to an exciting contest.



Hello? What? You've kidnapped Mayor Grimseley? You're Mrs. Grimseley? And you'll kill him unless you get some ransom money. Why kill him? A mercy killing to end the suffering. He's not suffering? I see... You're suffering.

Men, any unmarked police women around? Undercover Lady Schneider has that rash cleared up? Great.

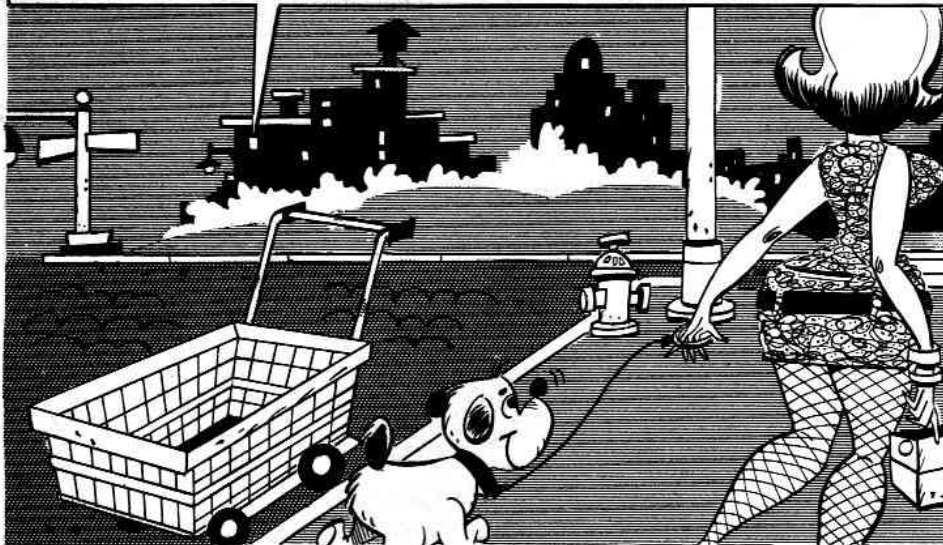
\$40,000? I don't have that. I'm only a police chief. Hold it. What's that Thompson? You have \$40,000. And you have it with you?

Hello. Yes, Thompson the head of our Plainclothes Squad has \$40,000 for the ransom bit.

Hmm? You want it delivered by an unmarked woman? Hold it.



When can we get together? Tuesday night at 9:30 near the abandoned shopping cart on Third Street.



Okay with you, Schneider?
You're going shopping
Tuesday. Wednesday you're
having your hair set.
Thursday okay? Fine.



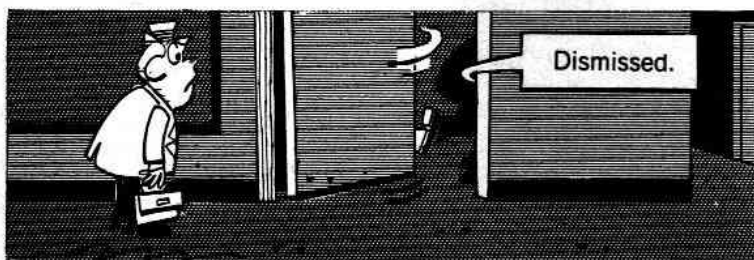
Kidnapper? How's Thursday. You can't make it Thursday.
Your daughter's graduating from charm school. Friday?



Okay with you, Schneider? Fine.
Friday at 9:30.
How will you
know her? Oh,
she's average
height, shapely
in a policewoman
sort of way...
blonde...and
...she'll be
wearing a gun.

Schneider, I'll go with you to
make sure you're okay... maybe
we can stop off for a drink later.

Well that's that. By the way,
I'm stepping down as police
chief. Thompson, you're the new
chief, and I'll be taking over the
Plainclothes Section. Think
nothing of it. Just leave the
\$40,000 right there in the bag.
Schneider and I will take it on
our way out.





WRITE TO A **SICK** FRIEND TODAY

Penpal wanted—female or male. I'm 13, 5'3", long blond hair, brown eyes, love girls, and also interested in other things. Write to Mike Lindberg, 2915 North 79th Terrace, Kansas City, Kansas 66109.

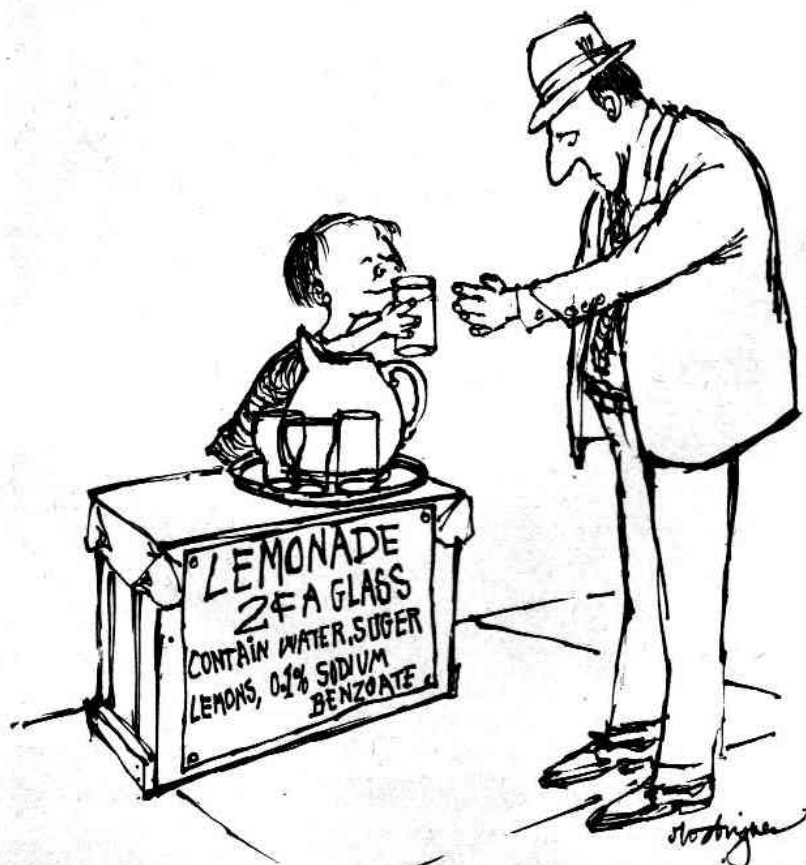
I'm 5'10", weigh 145 lbs., black hair, black eyes and I'm 17. I dig all people. I love stereo sound, jazz and rhythm and blues, and I really dig Ray Charles, and the Rolling Stones. My hobbies are collecting records and girls' pictures. Write to Eddie Saldana, Park's Job Corps, Pleasanton, Calif. Dorm 536, Room 13.

ATTENTION WORLD!! Penpal wanted for desperate individual. Male or female (preferably female 15-17). I'm 16, 6'1", and like most groups out today, money, and more money. Write Thomas Horne, 323 Rural Ave., Chester, Pa. 19013.

Wanted: Female type girl. I am 18, love racing, water, sport cars and girls. Please send pictures. Dion Darrah, 812 1st. St., North Nampa, Idaho 83651.

I would luv to have a penpal. I'd prefer a boy, but if a girl writes, I'll be happy to answer. I am 14, long brown hair, and green eyes. I'm about 5'. I love to dance and I love mod clothes and stuff. I like most anything except boys with buck teeth and crew cuts. Please write Carol Jacobson, 1704 Willow Grove Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118.

Wanted: Boy about 5'6" or 5'7", any color hair, must be cute (send photo if possible), must be 13 or 14, good personality, like fun. I am 5'6", have red hair, medium length, 13, like all groovy things, and have blue eyes. Write Mel Weeks, 935 East 5th St., Ocala, Fla. 32670.



Penpal wanted: I'm a super-great swinger, 15. I'm 5'7", have brown hair. Any girl has the chance to write me before I make it big and become history. I'll answer all interesting letters. David Byrns, L.O.P., 5624 Melling Ave., Montreal 29, Quebec, Canada.

Wanted, dead or alive: penpal boy or girl. I'm 13, and have a wide variety of pets—dogs, parakeets, finches and a hamster. I like to collect stamps, bowl and build models. My favorite group is The Monkees. Whoever writes please enclose picture and I will send mine. Jeff Katzowitz, 1575 Theriot Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460.

Penpals wanted, male or female, age between 12-16, must like The Monkees. I am 16, 5'3", fair hair, blue eyes, like surfing and swimming and mod clothes. Write to John Barry, 310 Hamilton Rd., Fairfield West, 2165 Newsouth Wales, Australia.

I'd like to tell all you cute boys out there in this world that if you don't have anything to do, I sure would like you to write to me. I'll answer all letters. If possible, I'd like to write to boys from 16-18 with long hair. I'm 5'7", have long, light brown hair, and blue eyes. I love warm windy days and walking in the rain. My hobby is painting. Please write to Angie Miller, 618 East 22nd Street, Anniston, Ala. 36201.

I am 15, have a very curvey figure, blonde hair, 5'3", blue eyes. I dig rock 'n' roll, like to sing and dance, and play the guitar. I love motorcycles, skating, horseback riding, swimming, skiing, boating, surfing, and the ocean in general. I would like boys between the ages of 15-19 to write. Especially from England, Australia, Switzerland and California. If possible send a picture. Write to Elizabeth Hamilton, 3001 Steven St., Irving, Texas 75060.

Attention: Hi! If you are a boy, wanting someone to write to, then here I am. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'2", and really want some nice boy from 13 to 15 to write to. I am 13. I like most pop music and love almost everybody. Joanne Dwyer, 2048 Crawford Drive, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

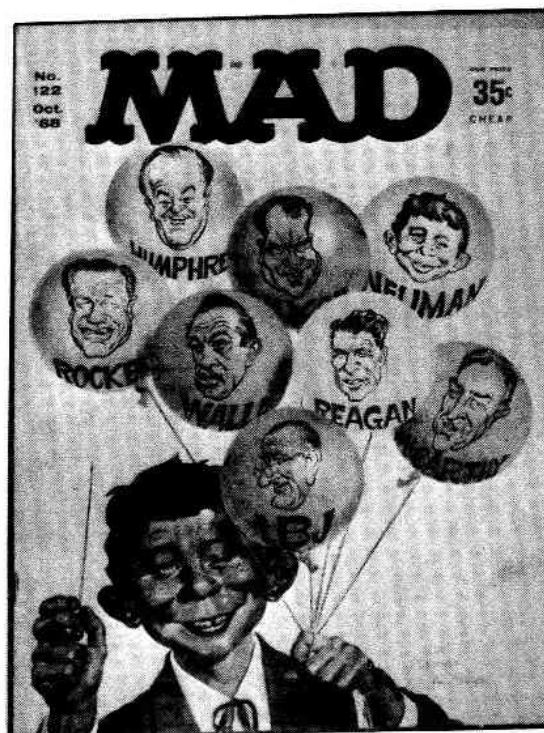
Wanted: cute girl penpal, from 13-16, who digs personality instead of looks. I am 15, light brown hair, green eyes, 5'9", 119 pounds. I love groovy cars, flying one-man helicopters and sutogyro-copters, and especially girls. Wynn L. Allred, P.O. Box 51, Afton, Wyoming 83110.

6'1" tall. Sophomore in College. Brown hair. Hazel eyes. Wish correspondence with girls 17 and up. I am a three letter man in football, baseball and basketball. 20 years old, I hold Black Belt in Judo and Karate. Please send picture. All letters answered. Barry Bergamo, Midwestern College, Denison, Iowa 51442.

9th Annual Sick Award
to
MAD MAGAZINE
for excellence in research



TIME, 1960



MAD, 1968

Why try
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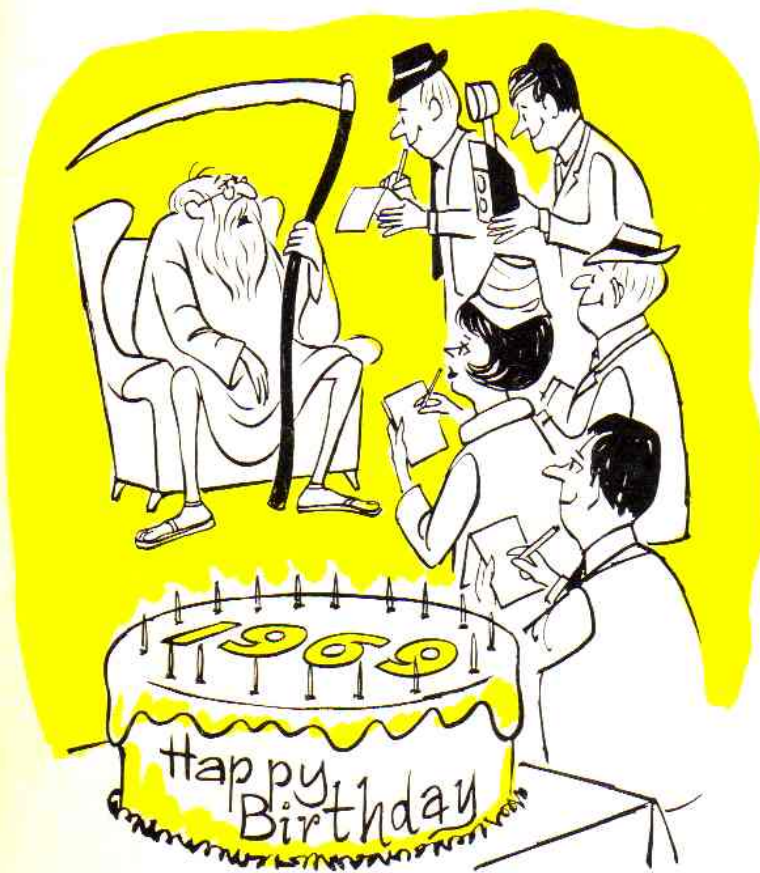
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Father Time--'69



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